

ONE DOLLAR

Bitter Sweet

WESTERN MAINE
PERSPECTIVES

MARCH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TWO

VOLUME FIVE, NUMBER THREE



City Color Play by Tom Marcotte

**Dr. Lowell Barnes Remembers Norway's Mellie Dunham
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Poetry by Woodstock Elementary School Children
"Seensibaukwut" (Sugar-Making) • Prints by Jane Gibson
Stuart Martin: Rumford Man With A Vision**



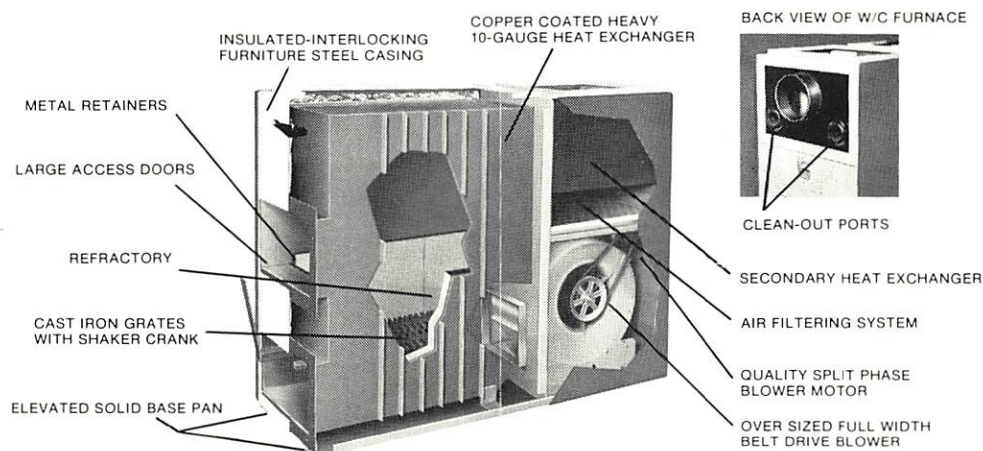
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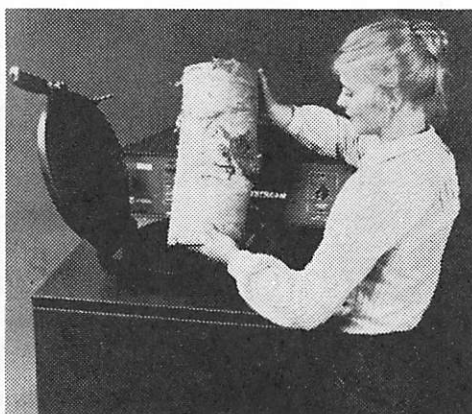


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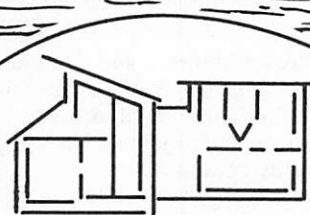
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Bitter Sweet Views

The view outside our window is blindingly white—the sun reflects on our deep drifts. But we know we soon will be looking at gray slush, and then the incredible snow and bitter cold of the winter of '81-'82 will be past. March winds will blow them away and bring us green tidings of spring, for which we will be incredibly appreciative.

One of the efforts of this winter which you may expect to see bear fruit in our neck of the woods is a community arts council sponsored by the Oxford Hills Chamber of Commerce. This excellent idea—worthy of emulation by other communities—seems to be a way to encourage and enjoy our own local talent as well as bring us entertainment from the "outside world." It will be a much-needed way to liven our days.

BitterSweet's particularly proud of its forum for creative individuals in Maine. This issue brings you a number of them. There are artists Jane Gibson of West Paris, Maurice Steinberg of Harrison, and Dalmar McPherson of Gorham, whose fine lines illustrate our March pages. There is writer Donna Pizzi whose poignant story recalls the bitter-sweet journeys we all must take from the shadow of our parents into the daylight of our own growth.

Then there's the beloved Mellie Dunham, who died in the 1930's—a creative artist with snowshoe and fiddle alike, though he would probably not have agreed. With the retrospect of time, we know that he was—as was Norway photographer Vivian Akers who so sensitively captured the old man on film.

Look for more of the same from **BitterSweet** in the year to come.

Nancy Marcotte



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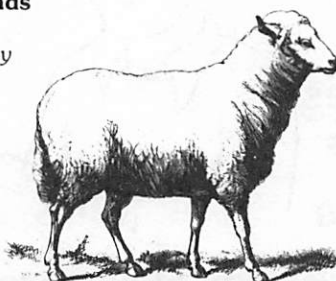
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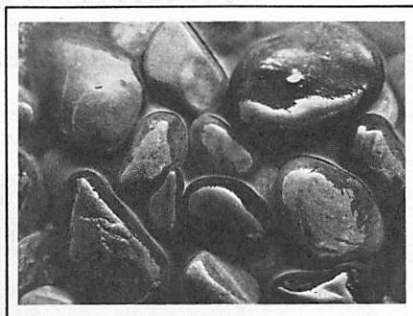
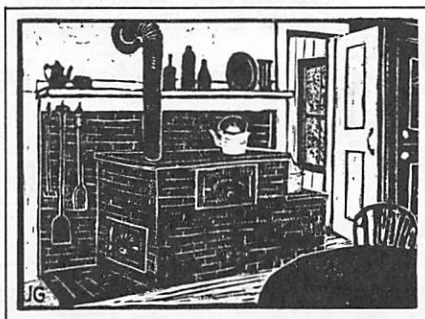
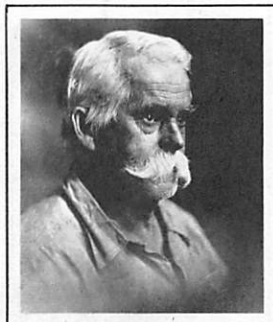
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Cross Roads



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Your Room by Dana Lowell.
Embers by Connie St. Pierre

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(b) Announcing the Second Annual Young People's Writing Contest.
Bean's Corner Farmer by Nancy Merrow
(c) Through The Eyes of Children—poetry from Woodstock Elementary School.
Photograph by Scott Perry.

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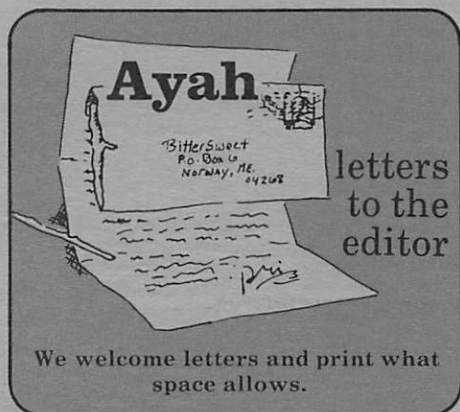
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SARAH ORNE JEWETT

I read (Wini Drag's) article about Miss Sarah Orne Jewett in *Bittersweet*, Vol. 5, No. 1. However, there was a misprint about her birth date, printed as 1909. Miss Jewett was born September 3, 1849 and died June 24, 1909.

Miss Jewett was a contemporary of my father when he was a young man living in South Berwick, and I knew Miss Mary Jewett, Miss Sarah's sister. I have enjoyed your article about Miss Jewett and Jack Barnes' article about Gladys Hasty Carroll, both South Berwick authors.

Doris G. Currier
Whisper Trees
South Berwick

C. A. STEPHENS

I enjoyed reading the story on C. A. Stephens very much. Your book is fantastic.

William P. Kuvaja
Norway

Thank you for Ronald Whitney's article on C. A. Stephens in the Winter Issue, and also for reprinting the story, "Lost In The Encyclopedia." The Youth's Companion and Stephens' stories were part of my growing up.

One little thing bothers me, though. Back in July, 1978, during Dixfield's 175th anniversary celebration, I heard a talk by retired Professor John Erskine Hankins of East Otisfield. Dr. Hankins' subject was C. A. Stephens. Something he said gave me the impression that Stephens' second marriage settled down into a cold, formal relationship in the big house. Nothing of this sort is indicated in Whitney's account, but rather the contrary.

I may have misunderstood Dr. Hankins (the meeting was in the Dixfield fire house

THE FIRST TIME

Nostalgia—how Bittersweet it is!

It's snowing, my coffee is cold, and I'm going to be late for work this morning—all because I've just seen *Bittersweet* for the very first time!

Raymond Cotton's story of the '47 fires brought back many memories—my father and mother were living in Cornish then and—tho' that village was spared the fiery destruction suffered in Hiram, Brownfield and Newfield—there was a time when all egress was blocked due to the fire. A helpless feeling for one who lived out of state and could only pray for the safety of family and friends back home!

Congratulations! Your magazine is Great.

Beverly Sanborn Minot
Wayland, Massachusetts

I happened on your lovely publication by stopping at a small variety store in Limerick, Maine this summer and again delighted to find your booth at the Common Ground Fair in Windsor this Fall, where your host so graciously gave me two back issues of the magazine...

Maine is my home both by birth and by choice after not living in the state for many years, and magazines such as yours can and do promote the Maine I love and hold in great regard.

Linda Aaskov
Waterboro

I was given the September issue of *Bittersweet* and, since I grew up at North Gorham and have had a home on the Basin of Big Sebago for years, the story by Jack C. Barnes—Adventures on the Canal—was of great interest to me. Would it be possible for me to purchase the other four issues?

Madeline Chicoine
Nokomis, Florida

Ed Note: It is always possible to buy back issues of the ones we still have. For each back issue, send two dollars to cover postage and handling to P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268.

THE ESSENCE

Congratulations for publishing the essence of Maine. I have read your past three issues and look forward to many more.

Christine M. Gray
South Portland

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on Main Street, and traffic was going by outside) or I may remember his remarks incorrectly. Does Whitney have any information on the matter?

On another subject: thank you also for Denis Ledoux's charming description, "Le Reveillon."

Arthur J. Kavanaugh
Southbridge, Massachusetts

Ed. Note: We invite either Prof. Hankins or Dr. Whitney to clarify this dilemma; but writer Herbert Adams stated in a story published in the January 17th Maine Sunday Telegram that the first marriage of C. A. Stephens was incompatible. You may wish to read a recollection of Minne Stephens in the Laboratory after her husband's death, to be published in the next issue of BitterSweet.

Dr. Whitney is presently engaged in preparing a brochure to be available this coming summer at the Norway Library which will offer a tour of the former haunts of the writer/doctor C. A. Stephens.

FROM THE PLAYERS

Yesterday I received the November issue of BitterSweet and was elated to see what splendid printing job was done with my story on Charles H. George. I thank you for your excellent work and for the return of the illustrations. The Maine writers emphasis is most fortunate since I

teach this course at University of Maine Farmington. I will be on a sabbatical leave during Jan.-May, 1982. Am going to see how close I can come to finishing my national study, *Sunset and Dusk of the Blue and Gray*... I think you have a truly attractive magazine.

Jay S. Hoar
Farmington

Really enjoyed reading the "Special Winter Issue" and thought (my) illustrations in the "Off The Shelf" section looked very well...

I was fascinated by the article about C.



A. Stephens. Didn't know of him before. I think short story writers had an easier job to relate to a story then—nowadays it's all "show and tell by making it happen in front of the reader."

Dalmar McPherson
Gorham

I hope the response you had to the November BitterSweet has been as glowing as what I have heard from Dunnybrookers and their friends near and far. Everyone is enthusiastic about text and photographs for Jack's article, also the makeup of those pages, and they all comment very favorably on the whole issue. Many, even in this area, say they have never seen or heard of this magazine before. I assume it is only now being widely distributed in southern Maine and along the coast? ... I hope it will continue to concentrate on inland Maine where Maine character and Maine ways of thinking and speaking are better preserved than along the coast.

Gladys Hasty Carroll
South Berwick

CAN YOU PLACE IT? FOR NOVEMBER

The photograph of a house on page 32 of BitterSweet of November is located at the intersection of Routes 35 and 37 in Waterford. At the time of the photo (1910) it was owned by a Dr. Stimpson. Prior to that it was a one and a half story Cape with the same bay window and white picket fence around it. We have that photo. Prior to 1910 it was owned by a Mr. Maxfield who ran the stage to Bridgton.

Above the location of the old stalls in the barn the numbers 1 through 6 are still plainly visible.

In 1976 my wife and I purchased the property and have done considerable renovation inside and some additions on the exterior. We moved into the house upon our retirement from New Jersey in April of 1980.

Philip Buchent
Waterford

THIS POEM was written by a college student at the University of Southern Maine. Do you know a student in junior high, high school, or college whose writing should be noticed?

BitterSweet is announcing its

Second Annual WRITING CONTEST For Young People.

Prizes will be awarded for work chosen in Poetry, Fiction, and Non-Fiction Prose for young people ages 12-21. Work may be submitted by parents, teachers, or students themselves. Deadline will be June 1st. Winners will be published in the September issue. Please submit entries typed on 8-1/2 by 11 paper, with name, age and residence of student; name of school and teacher. Entries cannot be returned.

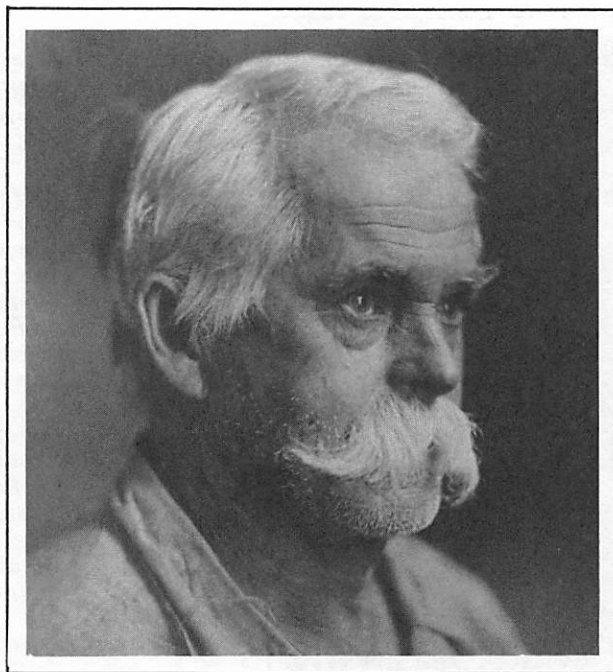
THE BEAN'S CORNER FARMER

Some he steeps in ebony
In moundful wells of dark delight;
Nestled in fertility,
To spring with elemental spright.
And some he gives a mindless toss—
Too incomplete; a garden's loss;
Sacrificed; the crow's crumb;
Chanced to nature's random thumb.

Some will die but most will grow
To flower at the height of June,
Prodded by his hand and hoe,
Living for the sun at noon.
Enduring endless beetle bites,
Rainless days and summer nights;
Pruned by his attentive care—
Erupting green with beauty rare.

Culminating oval fruit
He'll stack and dry on poplar poles;
Circles, roped, with stem and root,
A myriad of spotted knolls.
Beans, matured by his strong hand,
Graceful, warm, and summer tanned;
Modest plants, but who will know
This lean descendant of Thoreau?

Nancy Merrow
Jay and Portland



MELLIE DUNHAM

**Dr. Lowell Barnes remembers his great-grandfather—
the world champion fiddler and snowshoe maker of Norway**

by Jack C. Barnes

His full name was Alanson Mellie Dunham, but to those who knew him, especially in the Norway-South Paris area, he was known as Mellie—farmer, maker of snowshoes, and a magician with the fiddle. Although relatively small in stature, he was a great man in every other way. Mellie Dunham brought more fame to his beloved Oxford Hills than anyone else before or after his death in 1931.

He is remembered for the snowshoes he made for Commodore Robert Peary's expedition to search for the North Pole—sixty pairs made by the same nimble fingers that won him the title of Champion Fiddler of the State of Maine on the eve of his and his wife Emma's 50th Wedding Anniversary. How proud the State of Maine was in 1925 when, at the age of 72, Mellie accepted an invitation by Henry Ford for Emma and himself to spend two weeks with the Fords in Dearborn, Michigan. Mellie's fame with the fiddle had reached even the ears of Henry Ford, Sr. The Ford visit attracted national attention, and Mellie was offered a contract with the Keith-Albee Vaudeville Circuit. Although he would have preferred to remain on the farm and play for the

good folks on Crockett Ridge, he signed the contract. With nine grandchildren in his care, \$20,000 for a twenty-two week tour was just too much money for even Mellie to pass up.

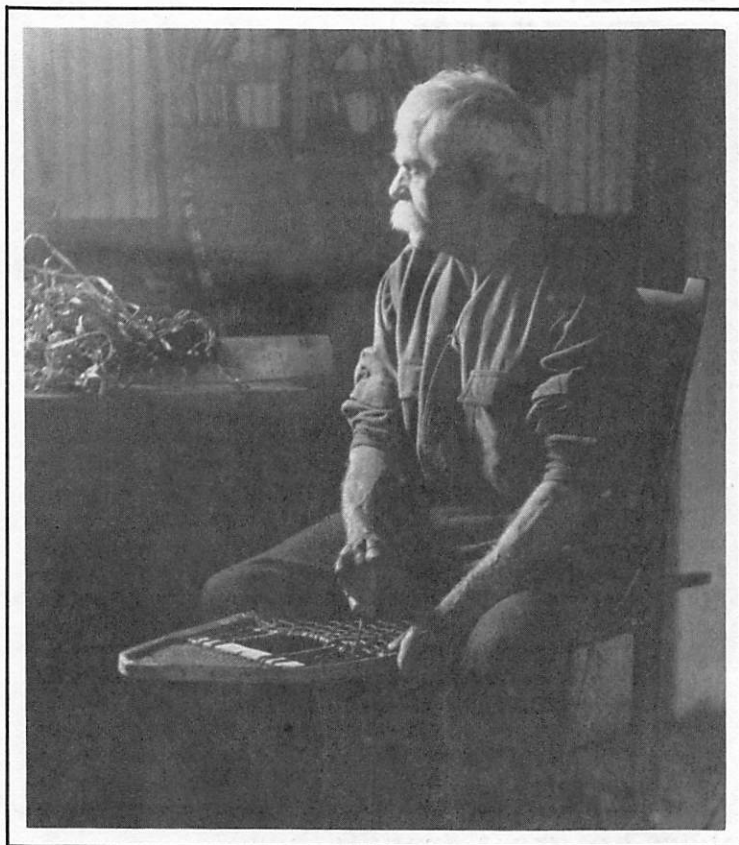
Yes, Mellie endeared himself to almost everyone who was ever fortunate enough to meet this cheerful old gentleman with a long flowing white mustache; but he holds a very special place in the heart and memory of his first great-grandson, Dr. Lowell E. Barnes, Jr., of Hiram—son of Rose Noble and Lowell E. Barnes, Sr.

He remembers:

"It is difficult to relate the memories of a child at four or five

years old, but my memories of my grandfather are warm memories—memories of respect . . . certainly recognizing him for an individual, different than the other people I had known in my short life. He somewhat resembled the house he lived in. It was a fairly large house with gray weathered clapboard siding, and the shingles on the roof had some moss growing on them. They showed the effects of time and sort of curled up where the sun had beaten on them for so many years.

"He had a twinkle about his face; and he had eyes that always seemed very young, belying the fact that he was an elderly man. He had a great shock of white hair, and I don't believe he lost a hair on his head from the time he was born until the day he



passed away. He had a large white mustache that almost hit his cheeks when you looked directly at him. He never spoke in a loud voice. He was a quiet gentleman, and he never seemed to tease; yet he was always interested in what I as his first great-grandchild was doing.

"He was diminutive in structure—perhaps not more than 5'4" at the most. I think if anyone were going to choose a model for a Santa Claus, he certainly epitomized the typical Santa—a jolly type, but without the long flowing beard. And yet, as I think of it now, he certainly had all the other qualities of a Santa Claus in appearance.

"I was always impressed with his respect for doing things and doing them right. He had a large snowshoe shop that smelled of old leather and discarded hides, but it was not odiferous . . . He took me out one day and showed me some of his snowshoes which were partially filled with hide. He seemed to take great pride in the fact that he guaranteed his snowshoes would not sag, and if a person has not snowshoed with

snowshoes made out of hide, he can't realize what a difficult thing it is to make snowshoes of this capacity. He apparently was a great perfectionist, for his snowshoes were light in frame and yet very attractive. They showed a great deal of hand care—very dissimilar to the factory snowshoes we see today.

"My great-grandfather was proud of the artifacts that Peary had brought back to him. Peary approached my great-grandfather and expressed a desire to acquire snowshoes to use on his attempt to locate the North Pole, and my grandfather assured him that his snowshoes would do the job . . . and they did the job.

"Peary must have been quite a man. He could have forgotten all about Mellie Dunham, but in grateful appreciation for the fact that his snowshoes had stood up to what Mellie had said they would—that they wouldn't sag—Peary brought all kinds of artifacts back as gifts for this man who could take his hands and produce snowshoes that would stand such a trip. That to me, as I think

now, was quite a remarkable thing.

"When I was a small boy living with my great-grandfather, there were long periods of time when I had no other children to play with. I used to go into the room with all the artifacts—it was like a museum—and sit for long hours at a time. I memorized every artifact; and were I an artist, I could recreate that entire room very precisely. I particularly remember that there was a whale's vertebrae in the middle of the room. It was so large that when I sat upon it, my feet would not touch the floor. In another corner, there was a kayak made out of hide that leaned obliquely in a corner, and next to it were three harpoon-type of spears made of ivory. There was a walrus skull with tusks that was very impressive to me in another corner of the room. It was all very, very fascinating.

"My grandfather had saved about \$19,000 from playing the violin in vaudeville. This was a small fortune in those days. When he returned to Norway, he became quite a philanthropist. He was soon helping people out that needed help to maintain their homes. It didn't take long for his savings to dwindle away. This did not seem to deter him from his jovial mood and his warmth and friendship for anyone who knocked at his door. When he died, he had no notes showing to whom he had given money, but he hadn't cared. He was happy without the necessity of money. My father used to say, 'Mellie, you shouldn't do this. Put what you loan on paper.'

"Now, don't worry about it (he'd say). They'll pay me if they can. I am not going to worry about it.'

"He never did.

"One thing I remember very, very distinctly about my great-grandfather is that he always dunked his doughnuts. This was always most fascinating to me as a child and I am sure that is why I developed a great taste for doughnuts dunked in coffee. I still dunk my doughnuts if I can get away with it. My mother would admonish me that this was not something that was done in society. But, if Grampa could do it, I could do it. When I would walk up to the table, I would have to stand on tiptoes to look over the top. He would very delicately dunk his doughnuts in his coffee, and then he would partake of this

delicacy. Afterwards he would take his moustache, and he would clean it with his lower lip, uttering a sort of supping sound that was fascinating to hear.

He was a man who kept himself dressed with a very nice manner of clothing; yet his clothing was the clothing of a working man. He wore gray shirts that he always kept buttoned around the neck. I never remember there being a tie, and over the shirt he would usually wear a kind of jacket. He would often sit there with his feet upon a hassock or sometimes just resting on the floor, and he would have that sparkle about the face and little crow's feet of smiles around the eyes. I think one always sees this kind of development in a person who has smiled a lot and who has enjoyed life a great deal.

"My great-grandfather was very proud of what he could do with his hands. I can remember that his hands were quite large, and they were calloused from working hard. It seems rather amazing to me that this man with hands that had such short fingers—quite rugged hands—could perform such perfection with the violin. He could read no music whatsoever. He had never had a music lesson, and this just came to him; he knew exactly what to do, and the kind of time in which he wanted to play. It was just a gift that was in him. The warmth of his gift, of course, spread throughout the family group. The entire clan of Dunhams and Nobles lived in that manner. They were always warm, loving people. I never remember hearing harsh words passed among them. There were never any manifestations of jealousy or animosity, and I have grown up loving these people. Today they are the same gentle people—descendents of Mellie Dunham. And if he were alive today, I am sure he would look upon each of them with pride and with his high degree of sensitivity that they could be descendents of himself."

Dr. Barnes is a beloved family physician in Hiram, cousin of writer and teacher Jack Barnes, who offers these recollections of his own:

"I was a very small boy when I saw Mellie Dunham for the first and last time, but the memory of him and his
page 8 ...

THE WIT OF MELLIE DUNHAM

He was a small, sturdy man with twinkling blue eyes—and a native wit and humor that met any situation. He was thrust into some pretty exciting—and well-recorded—situations for a farmer from Maine.

He was married for more than fifty years to the same woman: Emma "Gram" Richardson Dunham. Their only daughter, Ethna Pearl, died in childbirth, and Mellie and Gram devoted themselves to helping son-in-law Nathan Noble raise their nine grandchildren.

At the age of 13, Mellie had bought a fiddle of Abner Jackson, and brought it home in a flour sack because it was all in pieces. But Abner assured him it had a good tone "if it was fixed proper"—and it was the only fiddle he ever had. Neighbor Horace Dinsmore showed him a little about fingering and bowing, but Mellie was mostly self-taught.

It was a struggling life for a farmer and Mellie's other art kept him occupied a good deal of the time. Making snowshoes was his chief occupation, and so well did he do it that Admiral Peary sought him out for snowshoes that "would not sag" for the North Pole expedition of 1909. Mellie made sixty pairs of the "Peary Model" by hand, designed with the famous diamond-weave pattern he'd learned from an early settler of this area. After the expedition, those snowshoes were placed in the Smithsonian Institute Museum.

Mellie began receiving orders for more than he could possibly make by hand. One firm wrote him asking for prices "in quantity." Mellie answered, "Don't know what you mean. My price is so much. There is just the same amount of work in every pair. I get for one pair what it is worth and no more. Can't see as there's any less work in this what you call 'quantity' business." Some Norway businessmen wanted to set him up in manufacturing, but Mellie refused, saying, "I have to make snowshoes with my own hands to make sure they're built the way I want 'em built. Then I can guarantee 'em." Therefore, many orders were turned away. However, Mellie and his son-in-law Nate were the beginnings of Norway's becoming known as "The Snowshoe Capital of the World."

Mellie went on for a good many years building snowshoes, raising hay, corn, and "every kind of bean he could find" as granddaughter Cherry Noble Frechette recalled—and playing for dances in the little Heywood Club which he helped build on Crockett Ridge for that purpose.

Mellie was known as a good neighbor, living his life by the Golden Rule. Vic Whitman, who used to drum while Mellie fiddled, Nate strummed the double bass cello, and Cherry played the piano, remembered some examples of his neighborliness:

"Between dances I overheard my cousin Reg Dinsmore tell Mellie that hardworking George Mason had been laid off from his job downtown in the shoe shop. With a wife and six kids George couldn't break even just by farming. Mellie thought about it for some minutes, then he sat down beside me.

"That boat dock of yours is pretty rickety," he said. 'Ought to have it shored up. Be too bad for you or your folks to break a leg on it.' He peered up earnestly into my face. 'George Mason's good at buildin' docks—built Sam Hayden's and Jim Scott's. Shouldn't wonder but what you could get him to fix yours.'

"Well, the dock did need fixing, although we hadn't planned on
page 30 ...



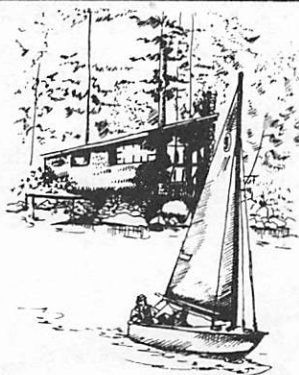


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wife Emma standing in front of their home has remained with me always. As a young boy, I came to know and respect each of his grandchildren. I was especially attracted to the beauty of my aunt Rose—his granddaughter—and her sisters. Their beauty was both external and internal, for they all seemed to possess a beauty of the spirit and the soul such as I have seen in few other families. Since neither my father's nor my mother's family had close family ties, I very early in life became cognizant of how closely knit the Nobles were and have continued to be even with the passing of many years.

It was a sad occasion two years ago when Dr. Barnes' mother Rose passed away, for she contributed so much to my life, especially as a child. It was comforting, however, to be surrounded by her surviving sisters who had come to pay a tribute to their older sister, for she had done so much to keep the family together when their mother (Mellie Dunham's only child) died a tragic death.

There are few people in Western Maine and Eastern New Hampshire who have not at least heard of Dr. Lowell Barnes. He has given so much of himself to helping others. Although Mellie Dunham never lived to see his first great-grandson attain manhood, it is certain that he would recognize in part Dr. Barnes' love for people, for Nature, his dexterity with his hands as a surgeon, a mason, a carpenter, and an artist as an extension of himself. If there is a life beyond, it is easy to imagine that somewhere Mellie Dunham is wearing a smile of approbation, and there is a twinkle in his eyes forming little crow's feet just above each cheek.

MIRROR

I hold a mirror to myself
and see you

my thoughts and feelings
and pain
look back at me
through your eyes

you are my past
my deep down inside self
but much more than that
you are my ideal
my goal.

Nancy J. Dalot
Gardiner



How do you describe a person who has contributed 47 years of public service to the Rumford area—a person with interests in antiques, history, minerals, politics, and community affairs? How do you describe the person who can capture an audience with his candor and his downeast humor?

Stuart Martin of Rumford Point is an amazing person, known to many in the area as auctioneer, historian, and politician. Stuart Martin is a very down-to-earth person with a strong sense of direction; a man with a vision. His vision for the Rumford area is his hope for a better community which comes through his many accomplishments.

Stuart's record of public service begins with fifteen years as a school board member in Rumford and includes a term as interim town manager of Rumford; five years as Mexico's town manager; sixteen years as Oxford County Treasurer; and ten-and-a-half years as selectman for Rumford.

One example of Stuart's work is the presence of the Rumford Point bridge over the Androscoggin River between Rumford Point and Rumford Center on Route 232. Prior to 1951, all travelers either went to Rumford to cross a bridge or rode the ferry across

at the Point. Earlier, Stuart's father, John F. Martin, had tried unsuccessfully to get a bridge built in that location; but it wasn't until the 1951 town meeting that the bridge was accepted—largely due to the efforts of Stuart. (In those days before voting lists, one had to be identified by two other individuals in a town in order to vote. That particular town meeting was packed with residents from Rumford Center and Rumford Point who obviously wanted the bridge.) Finally constructed in 1955, the bridge was dedicated to Stuart's father, John.

While Executive Secretary of the Rumford Chamber of Commerce in the 50's, Stuart saw the need for a travel service, such as the one that Skowhegan then had, so he began one. A few years later, the permanent travel information booth was built in the Falls View parking lot. Margaret Dunning, who has manned the booth most summers since its beginning, says, "Stuart is one of the greatest bosses anyone could ask for."

Many people know him as an auctioneer—a career he didn't plan. Stuart started going to auctions in 1945, working with Harry Dyer as a clerk. He and his wife Estella liked the business so well, they have run over 500 auctions together since, many for worthy causes. "If anyone can sell it, Stuart Martin can," says Bill Hersey of Rumford Center. "I remember when he rode on a child's rickety bike just to prove it worked fine."

Stuart's auctions are a recreational event in themselves: Going, going, SOLD—another chair or ladies' unmentionable for a good price. Come with a picnic lunch and see his downeast humor shine through. If you happen to walk away with a prized possession, no one will be surprised.

Others know Stuart Martin as a friendly, white-bearded fellow from the North Pole. And they should, for he has played Santa Claus for 40 years at the Rumford Point Community Christmas party. I think the real Santa should hand out a commission.

Always a firm believer in the town meeting as the truest form of democracy, Stuart Martin has the patience to moderate at these gatherings and make it all seem easy. He has moderated town meetings in Dixfield, Peru, Rumford, Upton, and Woodstock.

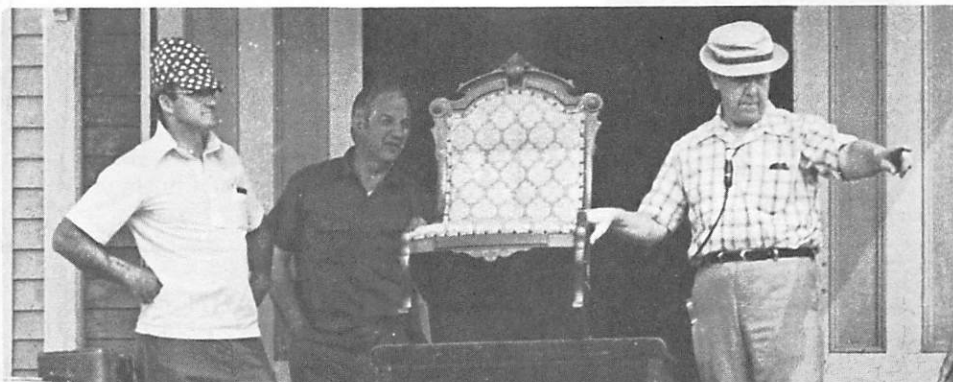
It was a result of this belief in town government that led Stuart to reenact a town meeting for the Rumford Sesquicentennial. Only a history buff like Stuart could have spent such a lot of time assuring the authenticity of such an event as the incorporation and first town meeting in Rumford, 175 years ago. It was held in the original Rumford Center meeting house, and the people were all descendants of the original settlers. This event was the center of attraction at Rumford's birthday celebration.

Through his creation of the Oxford County Municipal Association—an

STUART MARTIN: *Rumford Man With A Vision* by Jane Chandler



Stuart Martin



(l. to r.) Elmer Lyons and Bill Weston help Stuart Martin sell this chair at the Historical Society's Auction. Watching the auctioneer is a recreational event in itself.

organization through which all the towns can compare notes with each other and support activities—Stuart Martin has spread his vision throughout the county. Stuart was also president of the Maine Municipal Association in the late 60's.

Since his retirement in 1971, Stuart has had more time to devote to one of his greatest loves, local history. He spent seven years researching the early settlers of Rumford and updating Dr. William Lapham's **History of Rumford** (1890). The resulting update, **New Pentacook Folks**, has sold 800 of its initial 1000 copies, despite Stuart's reservations about printing that many. He says, "I hope someone else writes a third edition of the History of Rumford in the year 2010 or 2020. We'll be ready for one by then."

On December 16 the Rumford Area Historical Society presented Stuart Martin with a plaque made by 90-year-old William Kraske, Sr., honoring his many years of outstanding service. Mrs. Virginia Weston summed up his life story in a paper about Stuart's life, saying, "For nearly 50 years you have given your time and the resource of your experience to many community responsibilities. Your high level of citizenship continues to benefit not only Rumford, but this whole area."

Thank you, Stuart, for your vision.



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BEDTIME STORY

My first year here, I thought the
house possessed.

(I, who had laughed out loud at
The Exorcist!)

I would lie down, quite early in
the darkening night,

Listening,
Eyes open in the dark,
Waiting for sounds of running-things
above,

Across the roof and in the walls,
and underneath.

Soon—it would start.
The other thing.

First, a gentle fluttering
Off to the right and underneath
my skull.

Oh, not again, I'd say
Softly in my throat—pleading—
(to some demon?)

But yes. Again.

The pillow rumbled in my ears,
Its soft, sweet down a quiet
instrument

Of terror,
Cradling my head as some dark
angel's wing

Might close around me;
A vise of feathers
From which I could not move.

Along my length
The bed took up the cue,
Vibrating, rippling up
My fingers, palms, wrists, and
forearms,

Up from the elbows to the shoulders,
Rippling across my shoulders to
my neck—

a giant, unseen hand
Shaking me like dice—

Trying to chase me out
Of bed and house and hill,
Back to where I came from—
No injuns there, no ghosts of
pioneers,

Just city folk and streets and
homes and beds;

The only rumbles,
Known, familiar—
Trucks and cars and trolleys
Pushing their hobbled way
Along the arteries of the town.)

Light! I'd yank it on, and
Look beside me on the bed,
Expecting a leering shadow-thing.
The movement of the mattress
Seemed to stop
When I sat up.

I'd turn the light back off
And lie there
Wondering if the ghost of some
old train
On tracks no longer used
Was rattling by,
Shaking my bed and me within it—
Like a mean, malevolent, restless sea.

Still, I stayed.

Tired of running, I needed rest,
Even in the arms of ghosts.
And so I learned to sleep.

Later, I learned my house sat on
a fault,

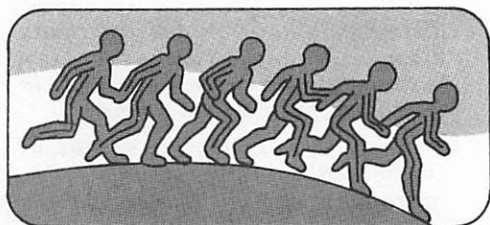
And that, in fact, the whole of Maine
Was one big tortoise shell
Atop a sleepy, stretching giant.
Earthquakes and tremors rumbled
from its bowels,

Never enough to split the shell
Or cause the pines
To topple in,

But still, enough
(Oh, yes, enough!)
To make some stranger to
Maine's hills

Wonder what faceless monster
Rocked her in her bed at night.

*Pat White Gorrie
Otisfield*



Medicine For The Hills

by
Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

THE QUESTION BOX

The following questions were submitted anonymously to a question box placed in the lecture hall used for a sex education course. This course in human sexuality was taught ten years ago at a Catholic college for women in another state. There were approximately two hundred students in the course, mostly juniors and seniors in college, although freshmen and sophomores were allowed to audit the course. The college had very high academic standards, and in the spectrum of Roman Catholic belief, tended toward the more conservative end. The questions, which follow, were written exactly as they were submitted, with no attempt to correct spelling or errors in syntax.

Are there any drugs that affect birth control pills?

You stated in class that sex seems to be a problem in two-thirds of marriages. Can you tell me where a man or a woman can go for help in this matter if they don't have a family doctor or if they don't feel that the family doctor is the right person to see?

Is there really a distinction (as stated in the text) between a vaginal and clitoral orgasm? Can one say, then, that an orgasm felt was either one or the other? I would think that both stimulation of the clitoris and the vaginal wall would lead to an orgasm, and would not distinguish them as two separate orgasms.

Is there any relationship between the pill and anemia? Could one suffer an increased anemia if already anemic by taking the pill? Or could one possibly develop anemia if previously were borderline anemic before taking the pill?

Is there any relationship between the pill and diabetes? Can a diabetic take the pill? Or: does the pill activate any perhaps recessive diabetes or diabetes that might have evolved later in life?

Why is the first year of puberty considered (aside from infancy or toddler) the most favorable time for an operation to correct phimosis when it is considered such a bad time for circumcision? Wouldn't such an operation cause as much emotional distress as circumcision?

Comments in today's class showed concern only for marks and grading—not for learning. I only want to say that I appreciate what we are doing in this course.

If a woman has intercourse the day before her period starts and the egg is fertilized—will her period start the next day or is everything stopped the minute she becomes pregnant?

What is oral intercourse? Is it common? Is it normal?

Why would a woman during sexual foreplay bleed; not heavily and there is no pain?

How much of the personality differences between the sexes is organic and how much is it learned? Does a penis lead in any way to aggressive behavior and the vagina to passive behavior?

Would one be able to continue taking tranquilizers (phenothiazines) daily for their nine months pregnancy and give birth to a normal baby?

What percentage of women who are on the pill develop embolisms? Must they necessarily have had a case of phlebitis or other blood disorder in the family to have this occur?

Is it known that if one has a tipped uterus and/or untreated hypothyroidism it is harder to get pregnant?

What could be the cause of bleeding from the anus (in a young female). This occurs previous to and during menstruation. Is this serious and should it be examined?

Psychologically, is it of actual interest (not necessarily of importance) but of interest to the male that the woman has or has not

an intact hymen? Does he think about it that much? If so, why?

What causes menstrual cramps? One misunderstanding—the diameter of the cervix limits the flow and the pressure of the remaining menses on the cervix causes pain.

A friend of mine's sister got pregnant and aborted herself by, for two weeks or so, she used to jump up and down—going down continuous flights of stairs and punching her stomach—she also didn't eat regularly—can this be done without harming the mother? Actually, I don't believe it.

Does marijuana or any hallucinogens effect birth control pills so aren't as effective?

What are the chances of the person who is a voyeur or exhibitionist becoming a "normal" functioning person? Can a marriage to a person with either of these problems be sexually successful?

Is oral-genital sex physically unhealthy for a couple?

Isn't an ideal relation when both achieve orgasm together? Everything you read states this.

Would you bring in some birth control devices—diaphragm, etc.

Is it common for a woman to release something which sounds very much like passing of gas, at the time of orgasm?

Does oral sex contribute to urinary infections in the female?

Explain discrepancy between appearance and gonadal tissue in pseudohermaphrodites.

"Seventy percent of world cultures condone and encourage pre-marital sex." Please explain seventy percent and existing cultures? By population, what would this percent be?

Is it painful if, during intercourse, the penis thrusts up against the cervix?

How often should a person who has intercourse regularly douche? Doesn't all that semen and vaginal sweat cause odor? Also, what happens to the semen after intercourse (where does it go)?

Can too much masturbation serve to over-stimulate or numb genitals—and "desensitize" other areas?

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When a man has sex with a virgin, is it possible for him to break her hymen with a prophylactic on and still have the prophylactic effective as a birth control measure so he can safely continue on to have intercourse with her?

Are there other birth controls a virgin can use besides taking the pill?

As one type of impotence, I believe it was Masters and Johnson, was explained the circumstance that erection continues after ejaculation. Is this existant? If so—how do you

distinguish that from the idea that a man can maintain erection "normally" after sex directly in relation with sexual excitement?

What are the psychological implications of a sex change operation?

Do you feel the present abortion law should be altered?

I have audited your course all semester, and I just want to tell you that I have gotten a great deal from this course. I am a senior, and I have had only one other professor who took as much interest in his course and gave so much to it. I have talked to a number of the other girls who also feel they have really benefited from your course. It's helped us to think objectively about these topics and get over our hang-ups. Thank you!

How long after coitus does a girl have to wait to be able to detect HCG in her urine? (assuming she became pregnant at the time of coitus).

Please explain douching more thoroughly—especially: (1) are there different methods? if so, what? (2) are there any brands that you would recommend? Please assume you are talking to someone who knows nothing about douching except the purpose of it.

Could you please explain and describe hyperventilation—I have encountered this problem in one of my high school students. Obviously it is more scary than dangerous . . . Could this be caused by this uptight condition? . . . Is it a psychosomatic?

Would you define erectile tissue and tell where it is located in the male and female?

Is there any possible danger to developing sexual organs if you take the pill before age twenty-one? (The book says there is.)

I am no longer afraid of getting married.

What may we conclude from such a list of questions? That these concerns are not representative of the concerns of most young adults? That these are questions undeserving of answers? That as prospective mothers these women are quite well-informed? That these women are immoral, have no values? That they have no right to sex education?



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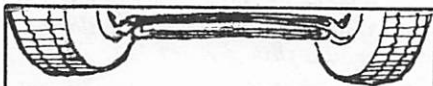
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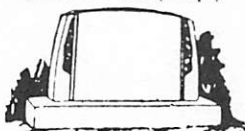
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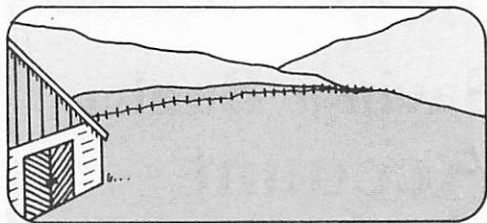
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Thinking of Country Things

by John Meader

COLOR

It was a purple carrot that started me thinking.

The weather and the season also contributed, doubtlessly, for it is snowing quite hard presently and the world is reduced to dark browns and greens and black and white. There were some pretty beige grasses down by the small brook, but they're buried now.

So the purple carrot made me think. It was purple, not orange, and resultingly seemed unnatural. We are so sensitive to color that we have, it seems, rules or expectations. We also rely on color to say things for us and to tell others things. But first, let me clean up the matter of the purple carrot.

This strain of carrot comes from Afghanistan. I also raised a Russian red kale this last year, but I didn't cook the two together to see if hostilities resulted! The purple peels off to reveal a yellow flesh. And that seems a little easier to accept.

But the variation in color shouldn't be a surprise, for think of turnips. They come purple, red, orange, yellow, and white. There's red cabbage as well as green. And red brussel sprouts. So that excuses red kale. In a way, it's a matter of what one is used to.

We've recently enjoyed a season where color is intricately a part. Red and green, holly berries and holly leaves, and Santa in a red suit. Try to think of Santa dressed in blue. It wouldn't do. Blue's a cool color and we need red to warm us. (Isn't this the logic of red flannel underwear?)

The association of Christmas with red and green dates back a good ways, and is most likely primitive in origin. Christmas falls close to the winter solstice, and the winter solstice apparently woke in many earlier peoples a strong sense of concern. Solstice is when sol stops, it seems, for at noon for several days the sun appears neither higher nor lower in the sky.

Because the sun seemed to stop, ceremonies were performed to encourage the sun to move, so the days would lengthen again and living things would re-awaken. Green, of course, is the color of most living plants. And red is a sun color, and the color of fire, and bloody sources of our warmth. So in the shortest days it is easy to place a particular value on these colors. In the holly tree they are combined in winter, for holly is an evergreen. Holly was sacred to the Celtic Druids who are known to have closely followed the sun's movements, and to have carried out solstice rituals.

But not to make too much of Druids and rituals, let's also admit that red and green are simply cheering colors. French Impressionist painters noticed that a spot of red on a green background, as with a poppy blooming in a green field, has the effect of making the green seem brighter, more pleasing to the eye.

We who live in conifer forests, with green all around in winter, don't appreciate how bare the wooded hills in Maryland, for example, look. The only green to be seen is the occasional holly tree. And the holly's green is special, for the leaf is dark and lustrous.

As I noted before, we use color to say things. In a dentist's office lately I picked up a "women's magazine" to pass a moment. It contained an article that proposed meanings for the various colors in our choice of clothing. Red signified a warm and adventurous personality. I'm wearing a red plaid shirt today, but I swear I put it on because it was the first thing that came to hand.

One thinks of how expressive Hamlet's black costume is. But it should be remembered also that it was a natural choice, for he was in mourning for his father.

White, this white expanse outside the window, is not generally considered a color. Or it may be

considered an undifferentiated mix of all colors. And our meanings for white stretch from purity to coldness to death. In the realm of living creatures, white has intimations of strangeness. Albino animals are magical.

Within our cultivated crops, the two northern ones that display a notable array of colors are corn, ornamental strains especially, and beans. Both come to us from the Indians—both served as food stuffs, but also for ornament.

I raise Mandan Bride, a corn strain available from Johnny's Selected Seeds (Albion, Maine). It makes fine corn meal, if you don't mind a blue tinge to the meal. Some ears are solid red, some solid gun-metal grey, some are red and purple-black, and many are black, white, yellow, or blue. It seems odd that green is missing.

Green is rare in dry beans also, although I've seen it in a single seed-strain from France. There is a green soy bean well adapted to our region—Envy, also available from Johnny's. I don't know of a bean that is entirely orange, but Yellow Eye has an orange eye in the line that I raise. I've seen beans that were robin's egg blue, but they were probably the product of a random hybrid, and who knows what color would have resulted if I'd planted them?

Colors range profusely in our garden flowers; the one rarity being green. Of course, the obvious role of the flower is to attract insects, and accordingly, the flower is not usually the color of the leaf.

In the wild, the variations are somewhat more specialized. It is interesting to note that most flowers of the forests bloom early, before the trees leaf out, and they are white. They bloom when the light still reaches into the woods, and white reflects the most light. Exceptions are pink and yellow lady slippers and red trillium. These may use odor to attract pollinators. Red trillium surely does a good job of smelling like bad meat.

Where there is more light, especially in open fields, plants are freer. For red there is hawk-weed and fire-weed; orange, jewelweed and golden rod; yellow, dandelion and evening primrose; green?—well, false hellebore passes for green, and jack-

in-the-pulpit is sometimes considered to have a green flower; blue, asters and gentians; violet?—well, violets, of course, and some asters and blue flag and vetch and so on; the whole visible spectrum.

Colors transmit valuable information. The cherry-red stove top says our stove is burning very well; perhaps it is time to reduce the draft. Color indicates ripeness of fruit. For those who have trouble checking melons, varieties have been bred that turn yellow when ripe.

In the garden, pale green lettuce indicates a need for additional nitrogen. When cauliflower transplants turn grey-purple I immediately suspect an attack of root maggots. I don my good-guy white hat and, wearing my adventurous red shirt, I pump up my silver-colored (as in silver bullet) sprayer to stride darkly to the rescue.

Incidentally, the carrot was mild and sweet and tasted faintly like carrot. You'd expect more from purple.

John Meader is a writer and farmer living in Buckfield.

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SEASON OF THE MELTING SNOW

Homemade:

Maple Recipes

by Frances Sanborn

Algonquin legend says during the month of March a squaw was cooking venison and, on her way to the spring for water, noticed a large cavity in a huge maple tree filled with water. She used this water to boil the venison and when her "chief" ate it, he proclaimed it delicious.

The news spread and industrious squaws gashed the great tree to collect more of this water. By trial and error, *Seensibaukwut* (sugar making) was born. The white man improved the method of collecting and cooking maple sap, but the gift is still attributed to the Algonquins of North America.

MAPLE FUDGE

Mix together:

- 1 Tablespoon flour
- 1 cup granulated sugar

Add:

- 2 cups maple syrup
- 1/4 cup white Karo
- 1/2 cup milk or cream

Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, to soft ball stage (232°F). Remove pan from heat and drop in 1 Tablespoon butter. Let cool to lukewarm, then beat until glossy look begins to leave. Pour quickly into buttered pan. Add nuts if desired. Cut when cool.

MAPLE CORN MUFFINS

Sift together:

- 1-1/3 cups sifted flour
- 2/3 cup corn meal
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Beat: 2 Eggs

Add:

- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/3 cup maple syrup
- 1/2 cup melted shortening

Blend dry ingredients into egg mixture quickly, just to moisten. Pour into 12 greased muffin tins. Bake at 425°F about 20 minutes.

MAPLE CUSTARD

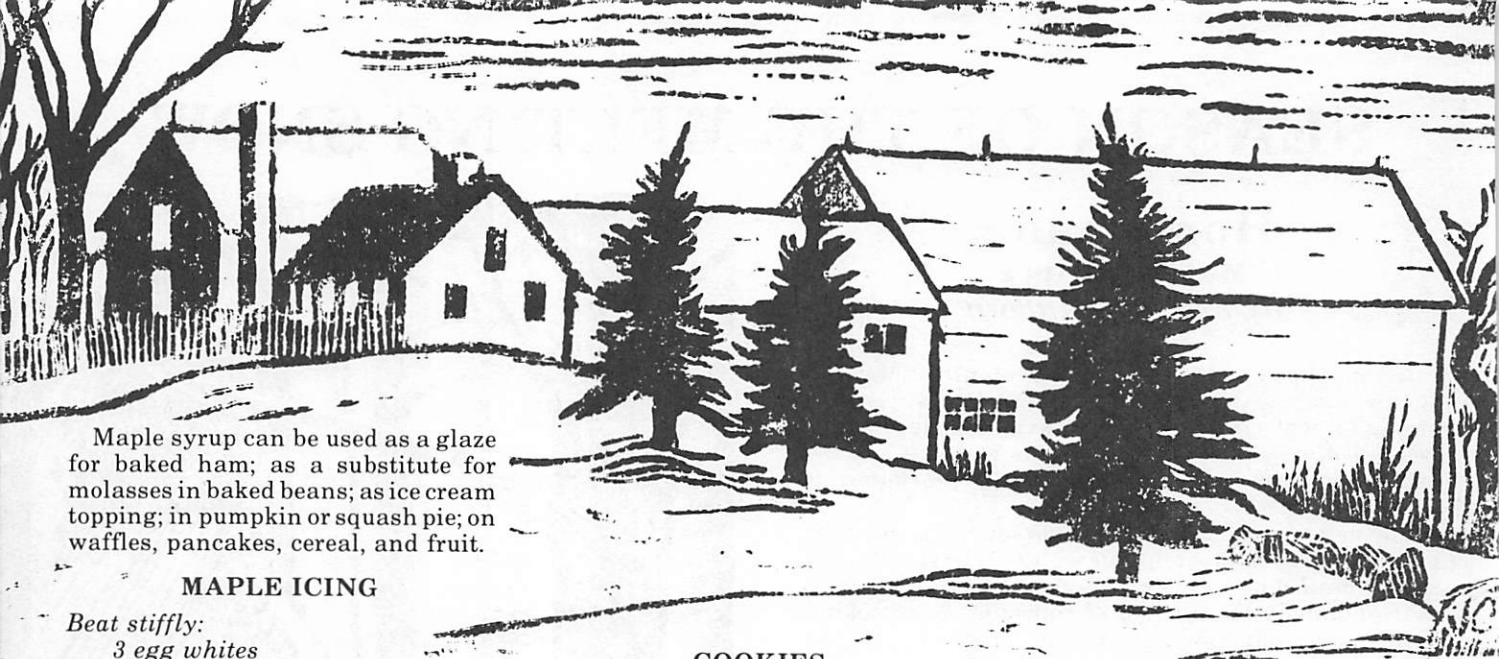
Mix thoroughly:

- 2 eggs
- pinch salt
- 1-1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup maple syrup

Pour into buttered individual custard cups. Set into pan of hot water. Bake at 325°F about 50 minutes.

Artwork by Jane P. Gibson





Maple syrup can be used as a glaze for baked ham; as a substitute for molasses in baked beans; as ice cream topping; in pumpkin or squash pie; on waffles, pancakes, cereal, and fruit.

MAPLE ICING

Beat stiffly:

3 egg whites
pinch salt

Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple syrup in small pan until it will form a 3 inch "hair." Pour slowly into beaten egg whites, beating constantly. When cool, spread on cake. Decorate with walnuts.

MAPLE SYRUP CAKE

Cream together:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
1 extra large or 2 small eggs

Add: 1 cup maple syrup

Sift together:

2 cups all purpose flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda
2 tsp. baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ginger
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

Blend this into egg mixture alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water. Bake 375° for 25-30 minutes in layer pans or 45-50 minutes in a tube tin.

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COOKIES

Mix to make a stiff dough:

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup shortening
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. ginger
1 cup maple syrup
About 4 cups flour

Roll one-eighth of an inch thick onto a floured surface, cut with cookie cutters and bake on greased cookie sheet at 375°F about 8 minutes.

PIE FILLING

Separate 3 eggs; beat yolks in top of double boiler. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot milk, cook to custard consistency. Sprinkle 1 envelope Knox gelatin onto $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Add this to double boiler and stir in. Add 1 cup maple syrup, pinch of salt. Cool. When mixture begins to congeal, fold in egg whites, stiffly beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla. Turn into serving glasses and chill or into baked pie shell. Top with whipped cream. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts if desired.

Frances Sanborn lives in Hiram, in a place she long ago named "Bittersweet."

The lino block prints which grace our pages were done by Jane Gibson at the farm she and her husband Bill operate on Stearns Hill in West Paris.

Jane received her B.A. at Doane College, Nebraska; her art education background at Columbia University graduate School; and also studied at The Museum School of Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The Gibsons' maple syrup operations were written up in last year's Fare Share Co-op newsletter by Lisa Durso:

MAPLE SYRUP— GIBSON STYLE

It was one of those cool March days that still smelled of winter, but hinted, by its occasional sparkle of sunlight, of spring. Walking into the Gibson's sugar house brought a barrage of sensory stimulations: steamy mist in our lungs and eyes, intense warmth from the roaring stove, a constant bubbling sound, and, ah . . . that sweetest of spring smells—maple syrup.

Bill Gibson (who serves as Fare Share's treasurer) runs a sap house which evokes days gone by in its appearance and its operation. There is no electricity; the miracle occurs fed only by wood . . . and sweat. The sap does its own thing when subjected to the right conditions.

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The first step in the process is storing the sap in a large overhead storage bin which holds 250 gallons. From there, the sap runs into the evaporator: first the flu pan (the hottest part of the operation) where it boils heartily; next, the process of convection moves the sap into the front pan and through another series of metal canals. The boiling point becomes higher and the color darker. Finally, in the last channel, the boiling point is 219° and a spout allows the stuff to be poured into a steel bucket. The miracle has occurred. In a good run, early in the season, syrup may boil 27 gallons to 1; it averages 30-40 to 1.

All the syrup needs to perform this series of acrobatics and metamorphoses is heat (and a careful eye). This heat is supplied by a huge wood furnace and an arc underneath which roar like monsters seeming to want to devour maple sap.

After the syrup is poured, it is filtered through paper and then through felt and poured, hot, into containers which seal themselves. If visitors are present, they are offered a hot teaspoonful of the liquid gold at this point. Just about the time that you wonder how this whole tedious process could possibly be worthwhile, your tastebuds shout the answer. There it is, unequivocally, *no* better taste on earth!

The Gibsons tapped about 500 trees last year: 300 by plastic pipeline and 200 or so by bucket. The buckets are collected by hand once a day. A huge storage tank rests on Bill's tractor and the sap runs into the tank in the sap house. In an average 6-hour day, they might make 14 gallons of syrup—about 1-3/4 to 2 gallons every 50 minutes—and that's a lot of energy to pour on your pancakes!

The Gibson's yield last year was their best ever. It topped the 100 gallon mark on the day we visited. Fare Share Co-op stocks Gibson's Maple Syrup at special prices for non-members, non-working members, and working members. You can either purchase a jar or bring in your own jar and fill it from the five-gallon tin. But the best way to buy it is to visit the operation and get it while it's hot. The Gibsons welcome visitors, and it's the next best thing to boiling it down in your own backyard . . . maybe even better!



MAINE IN WINTER- TIME

by Donna Pizzi

28th January

Dad bought the cabin the year I was born, and although I've spent forty summers in it since, this is the first year I've visited Long Beach in winter. After three weeks of stoking woodstoves and shoveling walks, I find that the cabin's distinct winter aura has all but obliterated memories from summers past.

Long Beach. The name suggests an ocean. Twelve months of sun and sand.

Long Beach, however, borders a lake in Maine. Even knowing how arduous Maine winters are, I never pictured this town in anything other than its summer plumage. Not until I saw the frozen lake with ice shacks dotting its crusty, still-life waves did I realize how much winter transforms a summer resort into a ghost town.

I used to wonder why Dad refused to come here in winter. Now, gazing upon the empty uninsulated cabins along the lake's edge, I know. And yet, it was precisely for this promise of solitude that I chose the cabin as the place to finish my novel.

The cabin had long been Dad's favorite hideaway. A professor of English, Dad was a born teacher, and he told Mother Maine's fresh air whetted his appetite for lecturing. Dinners at the lake always seemed to include a longwinded lecture on the classics—his specialty. Oddly, my recollection of these lectures is dim, and the only vivid ones seem to focus upon the things I used to do while pretending to listen.

The most unforgettable subterfuge I ever concocted occurred the year I hid my Fourth of July peas under my cloth napkin during one of Dad's harangues against the American

public for having called *Ulysses* obscene. I believe he was commending Judge Woolsey for having exonerated Joyce of the obscenity charge when Mother intercepted my plan, and swatted my already lobster-red hand. The blow sent a legion of hated peas across my left shoulder smack into the light yellow wall behind me.

Dad was so accustomed to inattentive students that he barely lost a beat. When he wanted to speak, he didn't care a hoot whether anyone listened or not.

Dad's desk, where I write, is just as he left it. Like the cabin, it is a powerful reminder of his absence. Its middle drawer, missing since Dad pitched it into the lake, is reminiscent of an insatiable wooden god, forever gaping and open-mouthed.

As a family, we rarely talked about that missing drawer. Probably because it epitomized the very thing we all hated about one another... Mother's fastidiousness, Dad's volatile temper, and my... what?... my... ineffectiveness.

It happened a year ago last summer when Mother finally broke Dad's edict.

"Never touch my desk," he would bellow whenever she got near it with the vacuum cleaner. She used to dust it in secret while Dad was napping. But on that day—the one we all remember, but choose verbally at least to forget—she pulled the drawer out to clean its edges, and the flimsy wood fell into pieces. Dad sat straight up on the couch and blinked his dark eyes. He said later—the one time we had talked about the incident—that he had awakened to the sound of his note papers being scattered about the linoleum floor. He said it felt as though his heart had given way, all he heard was this terrible fluttering.

"I'll never get them in order again," he said, and flailed his arms like an injured bird unable to fly. Then, as Mother and I watched, he picked up the pieces of the drawer, ran out the back door, and flung them into the lake.

There is nothing terrible about that scene in itself—nothing but the gaping drawer, which remains a constant reminder. All any of us had to do was to see it, and the film loop would be rerun again: Dad bellowing, Mother cowering, and Me... speechless.

That is probably why I have chosen to work at Dad's desk, because it is the only spot in the house from which one does not see that cursed hole. Dad, himself, spent hours here, his large frame contorted into varying pretzel-like positions. The desk—after so many years of contact with Dad—has somehow managed to mirror those hours, because it appears as though Dad's imprint is actually recorded on its shabby surface. Having heard those endless lectures on anthropomorphism, the desk probably felt compelled to register the intimacy it had shared with that difficult man in its own wooden hide. On its right hand side, where Dad used to lean his elbow, the desk's oak veneer has worn away, paying tribute to the pose Dad assumed whenever he visualized a scene or waited for the words, which had come to a temporary standstill, to reappear.

Now I can't bring myself to part with the damn thing. It's not a question of sacrilege, but of protocol. Dad would never forgive me.

I thought by bunging up that hole with my belly—for that is what covers it as I work—I would be free of Dad's image, but I find after three weeks of toiling on this albatross that my thoughts drift constantly back to him. Worse, I have gotten little work done, and the more I try to push those intrusive images away, the more insistent they become. I finally gave up trying to dislodge them altogether and have taken to incorporating them into my fictive characters' lives.

My heroine, Carol, who bore no resemblance to me at the outset, has recently inherited many of my traits. Since so many of my characteristics—being a loner, a bookworm, and a literary snob—originated with Dad; Carol, and consequently, her father as well, bear an uncanny resemblance to him. Having given in to the power of these images, I find myself wading through a lifetime of literary references in search of some clue to my own make-up and thus to Carol's. My vision is surprisingly opaque, blocked by Dad's ivory tower habits which over the years I managed to loosely paste upon my own paper-thin soul. On Carol, these habits seem ill-fitting; the same has always been true of me.

As a child I imitated Dad without ever bothering to alter his characteristics to my size. I read Joyce when I

was fourteen and never understood a word. When I was ten, Dad used to quiz me on events in *The Iliad*. In front of the babysitter, I'd scoff at her lightweight magazines and then proceed to plop myself down next to her with a copy of *The New Yorker* opened to its most esoteric article. I was a fake and, in that sense, so is Carol—we're both pale characters living in the shadow of our fathers.

When Dad was alive, I submerged my creativity in deference to his. I never wrote a novel; that was his domain. I tried short stories, but had never published any. Mother showed some to Dad without my knowing it. I was furious with her. Threw a tantrum, beat my breast, and even cried.

When Dad asked to talk with me about them, I walked catatonically, like one condemned to die, into the den. He was sitting in the recliner chair which overlooks the lake. It was after five o'clock so his scotch was in his left hand—once five o'clock rolled around it rarely left it. He seemed disturbed.

"I wouldn't really call these short stories, dear," he began.

I had disappointed him. I waited for more. He downed his scotch. "Of course, short stories are impossible to write," he muttered as the tinkle of ice cubes falling down the side of his glass reached my ears.

"I'm hypercritical," he continued, "but until you can get everything in place, love, you just don't have a story."

The wing chair hid my face from view. I had chosen it purposefully. I clutched to my belly the stories he had just read. My nervousness showed in my fingers which fiddled with heavily pencil-marked pages. I was hoping the fluttering noise would drown out his words, but instead I heard each one of them—individually. They hit me with the force of a truck—the kind that has kept me awake every night since my arrival—the kind that is driven through this small lakeside town at 60 mph, its load of precious wood careening from side to side. Like the cars which face those oncoming monsters, my vision was crippled by Dad's force that night... my growth as stymied as the grass which tries valiantly to hug these salt-encrusted roads.

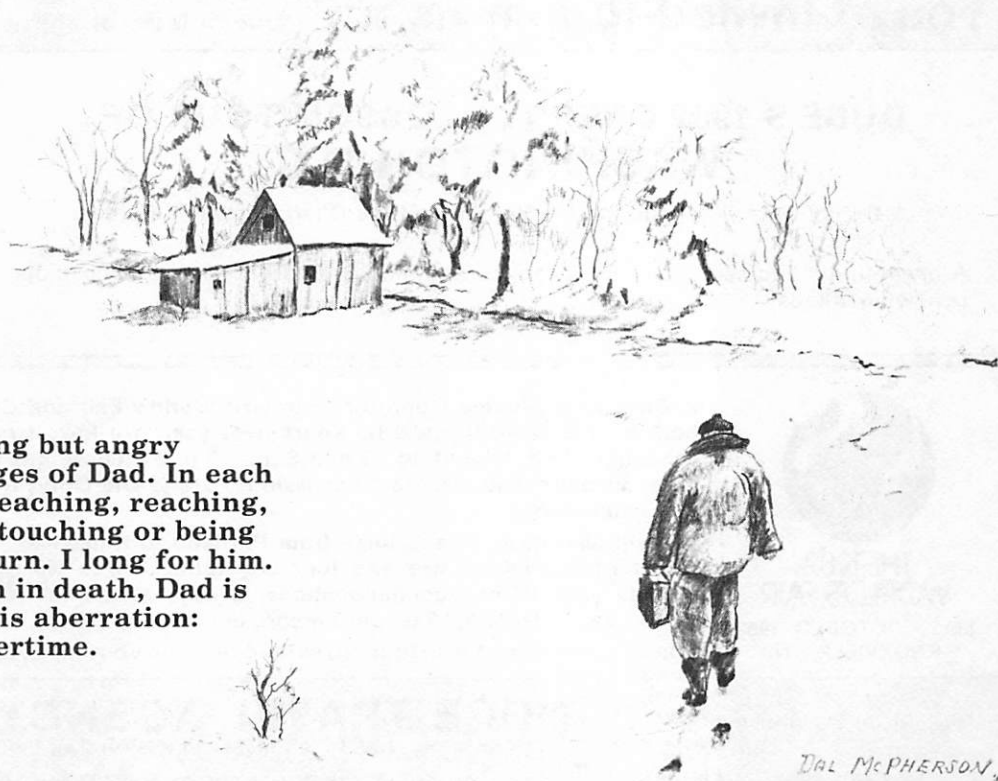
He patted *Moby Dick*. He was re-reading it for the umpteenth time. He would teach it again that fall. He laughed; it was forced. The sound begged me to let him free. "Well, now that I've said that, you'll probably sell it to one of those women's magazines for 500 bucks and prove me wrong."

He never looked at me. Just got up and went to the liquor cabinet. "I hope so," he added, his back still to me.

30th January

I have sat here for nearly an hour now sipping black currant tea from Noble's in Greenwich Village and not one word has gone from head to hand to typewriter. I have leaned on the worn spot on Dad's desk and stared at the snow turned again to rain, trying desperately to suck some inspiration from the fog-laced air. But there is nothing, nothing but angry, contorted images of Dad. And in each of them I am reaching, reaching and yet never touching or being thoroughly touched in return. My body aches. The longing is faintly sexual. I could be calmed if I could climb upon his knee; could have him

**I have nothing but angry
contorted images of Dad. In each
of them I am reaching, reaching,
and yet never touching or being
touched in return. I long for him.
However, even in death, Dad is
forever like this aberration:
Maine In Wintertime.**



read aloud to me; could smell the warm liquor-laced breath upon my face; know his arm was about me.

However, even in death, Dad is and forever shall be like this aberration: Maine in wintertime.

"Oh God, Dad, you would have loved this . . . this winter landscape. It suits you . . . matches that cold, impenetrable side of your nature—the side you always showed me, and that left me feeling so much like an outsider."

There is no point in waiting for Dad's reply, for even if he could answer, Mother would surely interrupt. She was forever excusing him, telling me I asked too much of him.

"It's pointless, dear," she'd say. "Remember, you can't get blood from a turnip."

I secretly enjoyed Dad's hatred of Mother's endless aphorisms. Absolutely giggled whenever he'd tell her how much he hated them. "Don't you know how to put your own words together, woman?" he'd say, his face red with insult. Nothing injured him more than linguistic abuse. I always

wanted to ask him how he fell for a woman like Mother who had no appreciation for the music of words.

But it's too late now. They're both gone. Old age. It took them within a month of each other. Dad died first. I should have foreseen Mother's death—should have known she could not leave him unattended, even in death. Or, as she put it, "On the other side."

"Dead is dead," Dad would always retort whenever she used that expression. Although his tone left no room for quarrel, it always seemed as if Mother had gotten her way, because she ignored his growlings; they never fazed her. In death as in life, she was unflappably tranquil. True to her nature, she died in her sleep.

That was over a year ago. To this day, I have not experienced their passing. Not having lived with them for several years, their physical absences, barring summers at the lake, were something I had been living with for some time. Never having married, I had nevertheless kept in touch with them on a regular basis, so perhaps that is why I

thought being back at the cabin would make their deaths more immediate.

Winter, however, has changed the cabin so that I cannot picture them here. They would seem like visitors amid the stacks of wood, guests alongside the wet boots that lie like dogs outside the door. Their memories are dressed in summer clothes—Dad in Bermuda shorts, his long legs strong and robust, Mother in printed shirtwaists and sandals, with a kerchief tied around her wispy grey hair. Now the cabin which once spoke of Dad and which enveloped his stooped thin figure as he potted about breathes only one thing—silence.

It's the season's fault. In summer, when the breeze comes off the lake, and the thunderstorms light up its northwestern shores, I'm certain I would feel their parting more vividly. But summer is a long way off, and my novel an even longer way from taking root. I am not, it seems, a Zhivago. Ice and wilderness do not, have not, inspired me. I fear I am much more my father's daughter than I had imagined.

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7th February

I found Dad's National Book Award novel, *This Land of Men*, on the library shelf today, and began to pour through page after page of Pere Goriot length description. I don't know why I expected time to have changed those paragraphs, to have added human traits to the narrator's soul when originally there had been none, but I did. And this time, more than any other time before, I allowed myself to feel cheated, and to learn that Dad was just as artful at keeping himself aloof in fiction as he was at doing so in life.

That's why my psychiatrist suggested this journal. He thought that through it I could confront Dad, and confrontation, he said, was extraordinarily valuable, even if it were of the post-mortem variety.

I refused and invented Carol... at first. Now, with Carol so closely resembling myself, it seems that my subconscious has followed John's advice after all. And I can't help feeling betrayed yet another time.

8th February

Dad breathes in every corner of this house. His scotch still permeates the air, his cigarette—the one he used to sneak when Mother was out weeding the pea patch—is still burning in the unused ashtray. This is no longer my sanctuary, I do not inhabit this place alone. My Dad looks over my shoulder, scolding me for "leaning on my gerunds," or for my "atrocious spelling."

"It's not fitting for the daughter of an English professor to write solecisms," he whispers in my ear as I pour boiling water onto my fifth teabag for the day.

16th February

My characters grow as thin as the melting snow. I am kept awake by thoughts of Dad, and yet, like the desk with its missing drawer, I am empty—insatiable—my mind forever churning no matter how many memories of him I try to cram into its worm-like borders.

Yesterday I tried to flee this terrible appetite by venturing onto the frozen lake. I was wearing my rubber-soled Bean boots, which made the trip as dangerous as it was exciting. Each time the lake rumbled beneath my

step and the little crackling sounds accompanied my footsteps, I'd stand feet wide apart as though such a spread-eagle stance would somehow keep me from falling in.

I slipped as often as I walked, particularly on the sections where the wind had blown the snow clear, leaving the ice crystalline. Once I went all the way down. I sat there cursing the cold, yet unable to get upright. The ice melted quickly against my warm skin; the wetness made me feel like an angry child whose diapers needed changing. An ice fisherman came to my aid.

When I got home, I found an old bottle of scotch in Dad's liquor cabinet and poured myself a drink. I sat in Dad's chair and sipped the biting, unfamiliar liquid. The smell, Dad's chair, the thought of my own figure having sat in the wing chair opposite me was too perfectly reminiscent of that painful day from the past to have made the drink seem forbidding. Instead, I allowed the liquor to turn my legs numb and rubbery. By the time I had poured myself a second one, I had noted the little hand was well past the five on the clock. It was Dad's legal cocktail hour, which meant I could "quaff" a scotch or two just as he used to do.

"Begins with a 'q'," he told me the day I searched the dictionary for 'kwaf' and couldn't find it. I had tried to use the word at school the following day: "I guess I'll quaff my milk," I said haughtily. They only laughed. As usual, no one understood the things I said.

Mother said that's why I never married. "A snob," she said, "just like your father."

17th February

I had two scotches with lunch today. They didn't add anything to my miserable morning's output, but they gave me the nerve to go out to the lake once again.

I wore heavier boots, even waved to the Mainer who'd called me a beached whale the day before. Aside from a few locals and the Fitchs who run the general store, I hadn't spoken to anyone for six weeks. The fisherman didn't speak, too intent upon his lines and marks, so I walked on.

I was far out on the lake before I finally turned back to look at the shore. The cabin was nothing more than a brown spot on the horizon, and

the ice shack was barely visible at all. I felt suddenly weak-kneed, and that's when I saw the piece of wood sticking out of the lake. I laughed at the thought of something being caught halfway between heaven and the lake, frozen for a two or three month stay in that awkward position. As I bent over to inspect the miserable-looking ice sculpture, I fell to my knees in surprise.

The wood was oak and the triangle which protruded from the milky ice was definitely the corner of a desk drawer. It was impossible to make out the below-water portion, but when I fingered the exposed wood, I was certain that it was part of the missing drawer. Six weeks at the albatross and I was beginning to know its feel, the grain having all but imbedded itself in my idle elbows.

My first instinct was to rip the lost drawer from its icy prison, but when the first tug cracked the fragile, water-logged wood, I stopped immediately. I recalled having seen an ice auger by the fisherman's shack and decided to walk all the way back to fetch it and him along with it.

The return distance seemed shorter, my gait brisker. I had not bothered to question my need for the drawer on the way back. My mind seemed trained on the fisherman's shack, and nothing, no thought or image would replace it.

"Excuse me!" I shouted long before reaching the shack.

The old Mainer cocked his head, the wind having carried my voice to his hairy ears. "Ayah?"

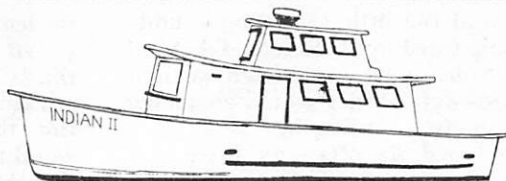
"Could you help me get a drawer out of the ice back there?" I watched him, my heart pounding, my legs quivering. It seemed as though he took an inordinate amount of time to reply.

"A drawer, de-ah?" The word dear pulled at the corners of his mouth to reveal tobacco-stained teeth. His muscles thus cocked, his face dissolved into a large, weathered grin.

"It sounds ridiculous, I know, but I think it belongs to my Dad's desk." Standing inside that metal shack, my cheeks were suddenly flushed. I wasn't certain whether this man's woodstove accounted for the warmth or whether it was the remnants of Dad's scotch, but the warmth seemed to bring a flood of tears with it as well. I turned abruptly away. I didn't wait

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to hear whether his creaky knees would signal his acceptance. I barely heard him scuffling alongside me. I saw nothing. And my only thought was to stop up that memory-spewing hole, to close the desk's gaping mouth.

"Well, I'll be!" The man saw the drawer before I did. He stooped over it, his eyes wine-red, his voice crackling from the sharp wind which ate our breaths away. "You're gonna have some time on your hands trying to de-thaw that!" He looked at me sideways. "But don't you worry, de-ah, I'll have that outa here slicker'n a smelt."

He probably thought I'd never seen a smelt.

"Ayah, I must admit, de-ah," he said, pointing his auger into the ice, "I thought you seemed a bit quee-uh, wanting to get a drawer outa this here lake. Guess that goes to show, you can't always tell a book by its cover, no suh."

"I guess not," I said, certain that it was Mother who put those last words into his mouth.

"Won't do you much good in this condition," he said when he finally removed the ice that held the drawer. "They's all in pieces."

"It doesn't matter. I'll glue it."

As the old man and I pulled the ice-mounted drawer behind us with a rope he'd brought along for the purpose, I thought how good it would feel to fill up that hole. Once I had done that, I was certain the words I poured into my typewriter would at last belong on my page, would be suited to my Carol, and finally to me.

I had only to dam up that leak, stop its outward flow, silence my father's ghostly lecturing, then all those words would belong at last to me.

This story was first published in the magazine Delaware Today in July of 1981. Donna Pizzi lives in southwestern Maine.

embers
grey powdery ghosts
translucent glowing red
put on a log
and stir the fire
the hearth will be cold
in the morning

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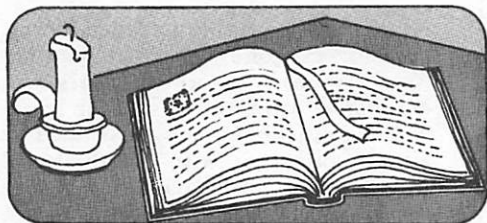


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Rand McNally & Co., 1981
(187 pgs. \$11.95)

Subtitled "Views of Life and Nature from a Maine Coastal Farm," this collection of essays is packed with insights, information, opinions, quotes, and episodes gathered over a period of two decades and published in the *Ellsworth American* and the *Berkshire Eagle*. The newspaper column twice received recognition by the Maine Press Association as the best in its class.

The author, an American by birth, grew up in England, then moved back to the States and a successful business career after spending ten years as a seaman.

Since 1962 he and his wife have lived in Brooklin, Maine, known for another well-known resident writer, E. B. White. Perhaps it is the sea air that gives life to their thoughts.

Explaining the move to the country, Barrette says, "We did not come here to escape anything, but to find something." And what he found he shares with his readers.

In the introduction, he sets the stage for his little corner of the world as he gives a fascinating history of the town. "It is refreshing to live where people have pride in themselves and their heritage, where the children wave to you unafraid, and the drivers of passing cars salute you on the theory that if they don't recognize you, they should."

Favorites are the essays, "Hello, Brown Cow," about a little tot and a lot about life; and "Hail, September," in which he captures succinctly, beautifully, and in good, down-to-earth words, his view of life as an octogenarian.

Another, "Death Comes To A Friend," is a tribute to his old dog, Quince, which the reader has grown to love from other essays.

His secret seems to be his ability to find the words to describe his innermost feelings which too many of

us, if we do recognize them, keep buried deep within us, not knowing how to express them.

Common topics like mothers-in-law (of which he had two and tells about both) or trying to warm newly-hatched chicks around an old pail rigged with a light bulb, take on a larger significance in the global scheme under his able pen.

He makes his point about lawlessness in the world after deftly describing the partakers at the birdfeeder outside his window.

The fact that he is a self-described "omnivorous reader" comes through in many of the pieces. He is also an avid book-collector, which developed from his exposure as a child to the library of his English grandfather.

Only once before have I read a book that parallels this one for sensitive descriptive writing. That was *The Hill of Summer* by J. A. Baker (Harper & Row, 1969). Baker, also an Englishman, combined his two passions for nature and writing into a not-to-be-forgotten experience.

Citing the words of W. H. Davies, Barrette gives his philosophy—one that we too often forget in our busy scurrying:

"What is this life,
if full of care
we have no time
to stand and stare?"

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Barrette has taken the time not only to stand and stare but then to share it sensitively with the rest of us.

This is a book to keep handy on the bedstand, on the coffee table, or anywhere it can be picked up and enjoyed in a brief moment or on a long winter's evening.

Though close to heresy for a book collector and book-seller to voice out loud, I strongly urge that you also have a pencil handy to underline choice passages.

Topping off this delightful book are the fine illustrations by Richard Gorski, another city transplant also now living in Brooklin.

YOUR ROOM

Your Room

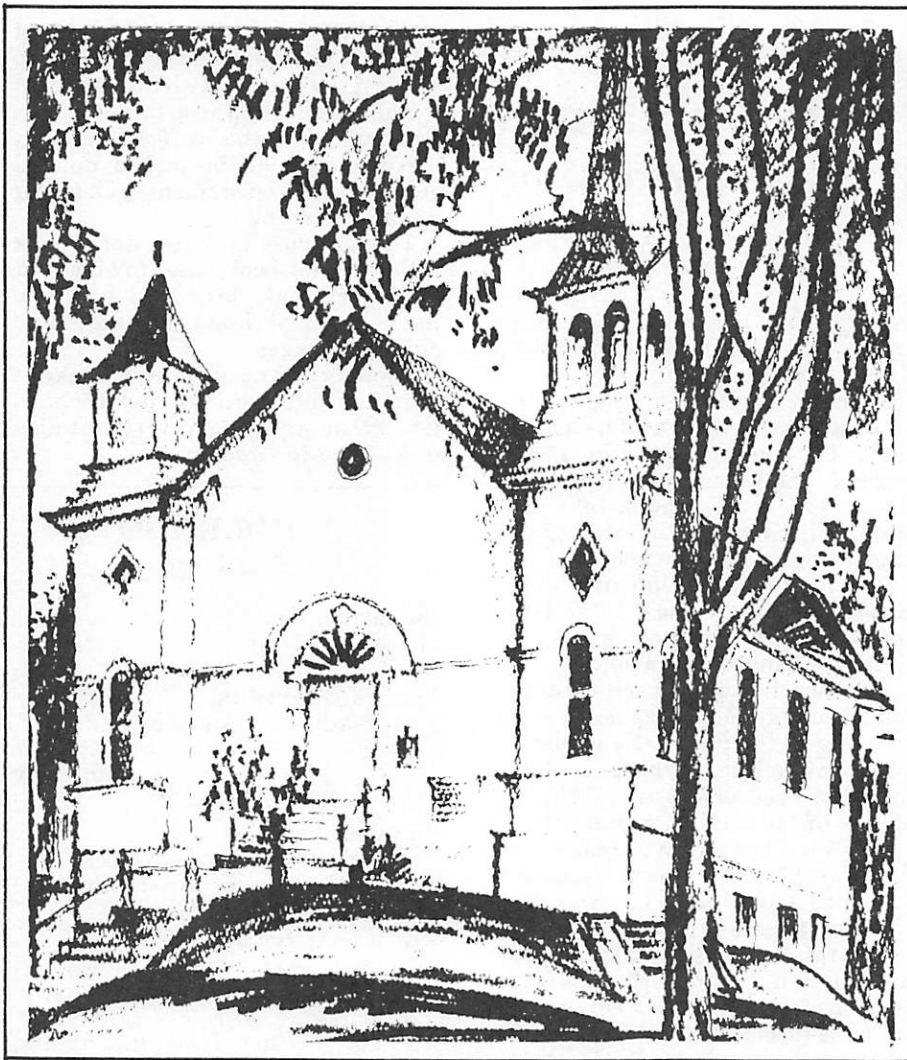
At
the further end of the Hall
within
four walls & ceiling
you breathe though never completely
alive.
Familiar voices
somehow seep through to you
& you try to let them know where you are but
they do not hear or they do not understand
you & you are left with echoes
haunting echoes of your fists
trying to break through the rock-hard darkness

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Calvary Community Church, Harrison
—drawn by Maurice Steinberg of Camp Chickawah

Above a square, balustraded tower, rises an octagonal belfry with pointed-arch openings, above this an octagonal attic and a slender spire. The two entrance doors are framed by simple pilasters with entablatured lintels above, and, over these, more pointed-arch windows. The clean, geometric shapes of triangle, rectangle, and octagon are outlined clearly by the lightly-scaled moldings used both for the pediment of the pavilion and for the main block of the church. The interior, beyond a vestibule, is a large, open room with a coved ceiling and a gallery at the rear, it erll even on the gloomiest of days by the large windows. Set high on the hill, with a tall steeple, Buckfield's church was meant to have a beacon-like function; it was the proud statement of a young and growing town.

The first churches in the area were simpler, and, as a group, had less interesting exteriors than the churches of the early Federal period (like Union Chapel). The early meeting houses functioned as seats of government as well as religion; Massachusetts was apt to stipulate their building as a condition of granting lands for settlement in the District of Maine, and some communities in this area built them grudgingly.

There is a meeting house of classic design at the coast in *Harpswell*, from the mid-18th century: a gable-roofed rectangular block two stories in height, with a gallery running around three sides of the interior, and

The Church-Raising

Architecture
by G. R. Allen

In articles about New England, one is accustomed to reading about the "quaint, steepled churches of her villages." We have our share of these in Maine—I'm reminded of the view of Oxford from Allen Hill—but that word "quaint" does not take account of the individual buildings; it lumps them together in a half-heartedly descriptive fashion.

There are sometimes real similarities, of course, between churches in different communities. When *Buckfield* built its Union Chapel in the early 1830's, members of the committee were sent to look at

the recently-erected Norway and Livermore churches, with an eye to incorporating their best features in the new building. The result is the "locus classicus" of early 19th century church design in this area: a plain, high, rectangular, gabled block, three bays deep, lit by tall, pointed-arch windows with panes of clear glass.

Union Church is given a soaring dignity primarily by means of its steeple, which rises partly from the main block and partly from the pedimented pavilion pulled out beyond the plane of the front wall.

the entrance on the long side of the building, with the pulpit the major item of interior furniture on the long wall opposite. An arched window at the center of the rear facade shows the pulpit's placement between the two levels: the minister was raised up among the congregation, above the table for communion, between the box pews of the main floor and the benches of the gallery. The ministry of the word was obviously the focus.

The *Porter* meeting house, from the 1820's, is the best remaining survival of the traditional arrangement in our area; the box pews still exist but the

pulpit has been removed. While other meeting houses of this early form were built, they were often altered in later years. *Lovell's* was originally built in 1796, then cut down from two stories to one in the 1820's. It still stands, a pleasantly proportioned building in Center Lovell, with a jigsawed coat from later in the century and an interior finish in the squared-up moldings of early Greek Revival style.

Bethel's meeting house at Middle Intervale was reputedly two stories when first built, and was said to have had a steeple; it too was cut down and remade in the 1830's, into the cove-ceilinged rural Greek Revival structure with a stubby cupola that we have today. *Oxford's* meeting house, built in 1830, has much of the elegance of a Federal church, without a steeple, perhaps testimony to the taste of the Craigie family of Cambridge, who donated the funds for its raising, as well as to the skill of local builders.

Norway Center's meeting house was entirely removed when the new Norway Center church, incorporating pronounced Gothic motifs in its short tower, was built in 1840. *Rumford Center's* one-storied meeting house from 1828 still stands, with interesting pilastered doorways and a triple window in an oddly-proportioned facade, but *Paris Hill* removed its early meeting house completely when the present Paris Hill Baptist Church was erected in its place in the late 1830's. Paris incorporated its town offices into the brick basement below the present building, the height of the basement providing the opportunity to build a broad staircase up to the then-fashionable Greek Revival portico. Yet much of the church is designed in the round-arch mode of the earlier 19th century style, the Federal, whose lightly curving forms are seen also on the interior in an elliptical arch framing the dais, and the curve of the rear gallery.

This curved gallery is seen in many Oxford County churches, among them the *Bell Hill Meeting House* in Otisfield, and the *West Parish church* in Bethel. The Bethel church, though a Greek Revival design from the 1840's, still incorporates the curve on the rear wall below a presently straight-walled gallery at the upper level.

The Paris Hill Baptist Church tower was once topped by a dome, similar to those on churches designed by Charles Bullfinch and Asher Benjamin. Bullfinch's Boston designs and Benjamin's building guides were often the sources of ideas for rural builders. The Bell Hill church was designed by Nathan Nutting, who as a young man worked in Boston on several buildings designed by Bullfinch. Nutting's building has a dome, but it is shingled! The smooth form fights with the rough material, but in a flattering way. (It is not an unusual treatment in our area; there is a similar dome on the Methodist church in *South Waterford*.)

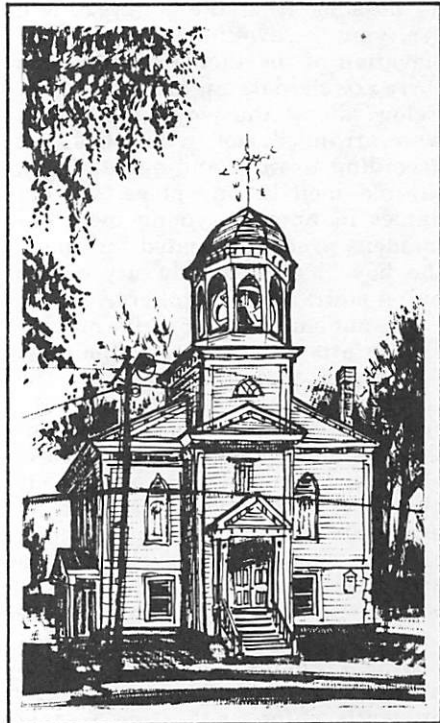
It was in the late 1830's that the rather heavy Greek Revival style with its broad moldings in imitation of Greek Temple elements began to have its effect on the design of local churches. The facade of the West Parish church in Bethel is flushboarded rather than clapboarded, the better, when painted white, to imitate a stone surface (perhaps marble). To it are applied monumental pilasters, flattened versions of the greek column that visually uphold the triangular temple pediment which is insisted upon in the moldings of the gable roof. The doors are framed in flat, paneled pilasters with paneled and pedimented lintels in what became the standard vernacular form of the Greek style.

An even more ambitious essay in Greek Revival is the *Fryeburg Congregational* church of 1850. Two Doric columns stand within a shallow porch on its facade, flanked by broad paneled areas. The triple doors include a center entrance which is given the look of a temple door as it was probably set out in a builder's manual of the time. The tower at Fryeburg rises in box-like forms from the roof ridge to the peak of the pediment.

Some critics consider this arrangement to give Greek Revival churches an awkward look, especially when compared to the suave integration of main block and tower one sees in churches of the Federal period. Yet Fryeburg's columned porch gives an impression of strength and lift of such character that the tower does not seem to create an ungainly weight on the roof ridge.

In *Lovell Village* stands a brick version of the Greek Revival which is to me the most downright, yet spirited of the local examples. It is a big, plain, gabled brick box of a structure, well-lit by granite-linted windows of ample size, and domed above a short, square tower that sits on the roof ridge. The church's interior is large, high, and bare, but has one remarkable feature—the gallery at the rear. This retains the curve of the earlier, Federal period churches, but emphasizes it by projecting the curve out in two horn-like extensions beyond the otherwise straight gallery wall in a boldly paneled gesture that enlivens the uninflected space.

By the middle of the 19th century, American architecture had entered that period of stylistic confusion which is often blanketed with the adjective "Victorian." Until the 1880's, church builders locally took little account of experiments in basic church form that were taking place elsewhere, but even as early as 1850 Italianate brackets began to appear like those on the Universalist Church in *Bryant Pond*. By the 1860's, the flat undecorated round arch of Italianate character is found in churches from North Waterford to West Paris to



Norway Universalist Church
by Steinberg

NEW ENGLAND PREACHING — 17th CENTURY STYLE

One of my hobbies is the collecting of school textbooks published prior to 1900. Among those found recently is a copy of Harper's *Fifth Reader*, published in 1889. Lesson XV in the book is Moses Cit Taylor's "The Early New England Ministers," a five-page essay describing the importance of Christian pastors in the theocracy of the day. Their legal powers were exceeded only by those of the governors. Tyler reports that such men had earned pre-eminence, for "they had wisdom, great learning, great force of will, devout consecration, philanthropy, purity of life . . ." The writings of our earliest times are full of reference to the majesty of their looks, the awe inspired by their presence, the grandeur and power of their words."

To avoid having the members of the congregation become too familiar, and thus lessen their influence and endangering their prestige, they appeared in the meetinghouse but twice weekly, where they challenged undivided attention during their prayers and sermons. "Their pulpits were erected far aloft, and as remote as possible from the congregation, typifying the awful distance and the elevation of the sacred office which there exercised its mightiest function. Below, along the pews, the people were arranged, not in families, but according to rank and age and sex; the old men in one place, the old dames in another; young men and maidens prudently seated far apart; the boys having the luxury of the pulpit stairs and the gallery."

The audience was a captive one, for church attendance was compulsory. Absentees were hunted up by the tithing men, church officers entrusted with enforcing the laws of the Sabbath. For one needless absence, a fine was imposed; for four absences, culprits were punished by being put in the stocks or a wooden cage for a specified time. No one was permitted to sleep during the services which might last for three to five hours. Constables armed with rods having a rabbit's foot on one end and a rabbit's scut (tail) on the other, diligently enforced the rule against napping. If a man or a boy dozed, he

next page . . .

Andover. On the interior, most of these buildings remained a single space with a dais at the front and a choir gallery at the rear, but a slightly more vertical emphasis can be detected in the proportions of walls and windows.

A nicely-preserved interior of this period is the *West Sumner Universalist* church, its Norway Stove Foundry stoves still in place. An unusual interior is that of the *Rumford Point* church, whose walls are painted with a trompe l'oeil design of Greek columns. The ceiling was once painted in trompe l'oeil, also, to suggest a dome, but that work has been covered over.

The later 19th century was an age of great sociability. Churches were no longer places to go just on Sundays, to hear a sermon. Sunday schools developed; Ladies Aid societies; Christian Endeavor; a great variety of educational and cultural groups became affiliated with the church or grew out of its activities in the post Civil War decades. The churches' social functions affected their architectural form. Quite often, older churches were raised and vestries placed beneath them. The *Norway Universalist* church was raised for the "Concert Hall," which provided a public hall for the town, unfortunately at the expense of the building's earlier proportions. The *South Paris Congregational Church*, which had been moved in 1830 from the East Oxford Road to its present location, was raised later in the century as well, and received a remarkably complete decorative overhaul in later Victorian style, with elaborate window hoods, an escutcheon-like gathering of windows on the steeple tower, board-coarces showing the division between stories, elaborate brackets, and molded corner boards in a fancified Victorian pattern.

Newly-built churches included some in a double-towered design, like the *Swedenborgian New Church of Fryeburg*, whose board-and-batten and paneled exterior also shows about as much of the so-called "Stick Style" as can be found locally. *Bridgton's Congregational* church is a double-steeped Gothic design, probably from the 1870's, a remarkable attempt to suggest in wood the sort of stone church that might, during the same decade, have been erected in some Boston suburb.

In the later 19th century, Gothic was an accepted, and even a prescribed style for Protestant as well as Catholic congregations. The pronouncements of John Ruskin, the English writer on architecture, included arguments that Gothic, especially Northern Italian Gothic, was the only moral way to build, and one can find echoes of his opinion in the design of buildings deep into the 1890's.

A particularly nice Gothicized Protestant Church from the 1880's is the *South Paris Baptist*, which incorporates a Gothic tower and three rose windows into a form that otherwise resembles a wooden version of a tent. And indeed, the curving benches of the interior create an effect of gathering the congregation around the speaker's platform and the organ—an effect which became increasingly evident in Protestant churches as the era of religious revival came around again late in the 19th century and early in the 20th. The exterior of *Norway Congregational* church is a mass of towers and turrets fighting with the rather more prim, regular arrangement of its main facade. Inside, the sanctuary is octagonal in shape, again with curving benches and a central focus. Its design incorporates a wall of doors on one side that slide into the wall above to open the sanctuary into the Sunday School room—another interesting feature of the late 19th century. The space for worship and the space for sociability and education are conjoined.

These separate but adjacent functions show themselves on the exterior of some churches, such as the Shingle Style *Rumford Baptist* church, or the jewel-like *West Bethel Union Chapel*. The latter is especially interesting because of the variety and richness of forms incorporated gracefully into a small building.

The *West Bethel Chapel* was built as a sort of folly, in the 1890's, by the local lumberman, A. S. Bean, for the ladies of the village. If he was not his own architect, he must have used a design by someone with a sense of humor, for the festive quality of both the exterior and interior is pronounced.

Christ Church, Norway was designed and built in the same decade. One could equally well call it

a folly, I suppose. Typical of the small "improving" gestures made by the rich of Boston and New York to the communities where they summered in Maine, it was designed by an architect of note: Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. In partnership with Ralph Adams Cram, Goodhue later designed St. Thomas Church on Fifth Avenue in New York City, and the Chapel at West Point; by himself he designed the Nebraska State Capitol, and the Chapel at the University of Chicago.

Though simple, Christ Church was designed to meet Anglican liturgical requirements. Few churches in this area had had what could be called a chancel before Christ Church, though soon after, *St. Barnabas in Rumford* showed, also on a small scale, the same shape as Christ Church. Goodhue originally planned a church one bay longer than the existing building, and, in one early drawing, suggested a baptistry tower to adjoin the main block. The design leans set out rather more tracery in the windows than the present church contains, and a more elaborate window in the chancel. Compromises with costs and with local building practices were necessary, evidently. Yet Goodhue's major idea is intact. The half-timbering on the main facade was a conventional way of finishing a building at this time; as a young man Goodhue was unfortunately not immune to this sort of suburban "Olde English" touch, but his instinct was to simplify masses, such as he did with the Christ Church building.

In the late 19th century, as in earlier decades, uniformity of style was a rarity—though buildings in almost every style used shingles as well as sheathing. I suggest for comparison four buildings you can see in a morning's walk: *Norway Baptist Church*, *Norway Methodist Church*, *Christ Church*, and the *South Paris Universalist Church*. They will give you an idea of turn-of-the-century variety. Yet, a sort of uniformity was appearing; by the turn of the century a hint of "colonial" was being incorporated into church designs, via a Palladian window or the ornament of a door. One can sense this early "classicizing" in the tower even of an otherwise typical late 19th century church like the *Methodist church in Rumford*.

Major churches in other styles have continued to be built, however, including, in Rumford, the vast "French Gothic" double-towered church of St. John (now *St. Athanasius-St. John*) in reddish brick. It crowns a hill and sits against the mountain, again a beacon-like building proclaiming a new Roman Catholic community in the industrial boom-town at Rumford Falls.

Even in the post World War II era, this "high place" showing the life of a community raised up, has continued to characterize some church building. Of particular fascination to me is the almost cathedral-sized *West Sumner Bible Church*, incorporating a Christian School, which one first glimpses on Route 219 in West Sumner Village. This new building, standing against a mountain landscape, lifts its slender, vaguely "colonial" spire high over the valley.

Allen is an architectural historian, formerly director of Oxford County Historical Resource Survey. He is presently writing for The Lewiston Daily Sun and working at Norway Library.

Watch next month for a treatise on the tracker organ in area churches by Nancy O. Longley.

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... page 26 Preaching

would receive a tap or two from the foot. Girls or women might be tickled by the tail end of the rod.

With no competition from Sunday business, newspapers, ball games, or television, the New Englanders looked forward to their long church services. Time was kept by an hour glass kept on the pulpit. At the end of each hour, a sexton would turn the glass to let the sands run through to

measure another hour. But a preacher, filled with the fervor of his feelings, and realizing the significance of his task, was not expected to be mindful of the time. A prayer, usually extemporaneous, might last an hour or two. "The gift of long continuance was successfully cultivated." A Harvard student reported that "Mr. Torrey stood up and prayed near two hours, but the time obliged him to close, to our regret."

Preachers were properly stimulated to preach sermons to the limits of their ability. The entire community was present, many of whom as students of the Bible were critically intelligent. "They were trained to acute and rugged thinking by their habit of grappling day by day with the most difficult problems of theology . . . not bringing to church any moods of listlessness or flippancy; not expecting to find there mutual diversion or mental repose; but going there with their minds aroused for strenuous and robust work, and demanding from the preacher solid thought, not gushes of sentiment nor torrents of eloquent sound."

Since the citizenry had no newspapers, no theatres, "none of the genial distractions of our modern life, the place of all these was filled by the sermon. The sermon was without a competitor in the eye or the mind of the community. It was the central and commanding incident of their lives; the one stately spectacle for all men and for all women year after year; the grandest matter of anticipation or of memory; the theme for hot disputes on which all New England would take sides, and which would seem sometimes to shake the world to its center."

With such a challenge from their listeners, preachers had to hold themselves to a high standard of intellectual work. "Their pastorates were usually for life; and no men could long satisfy such listeners . . . who did not toil mightily in reading and thinking, pouring ideas into their minds even faster than they poured them out.

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Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

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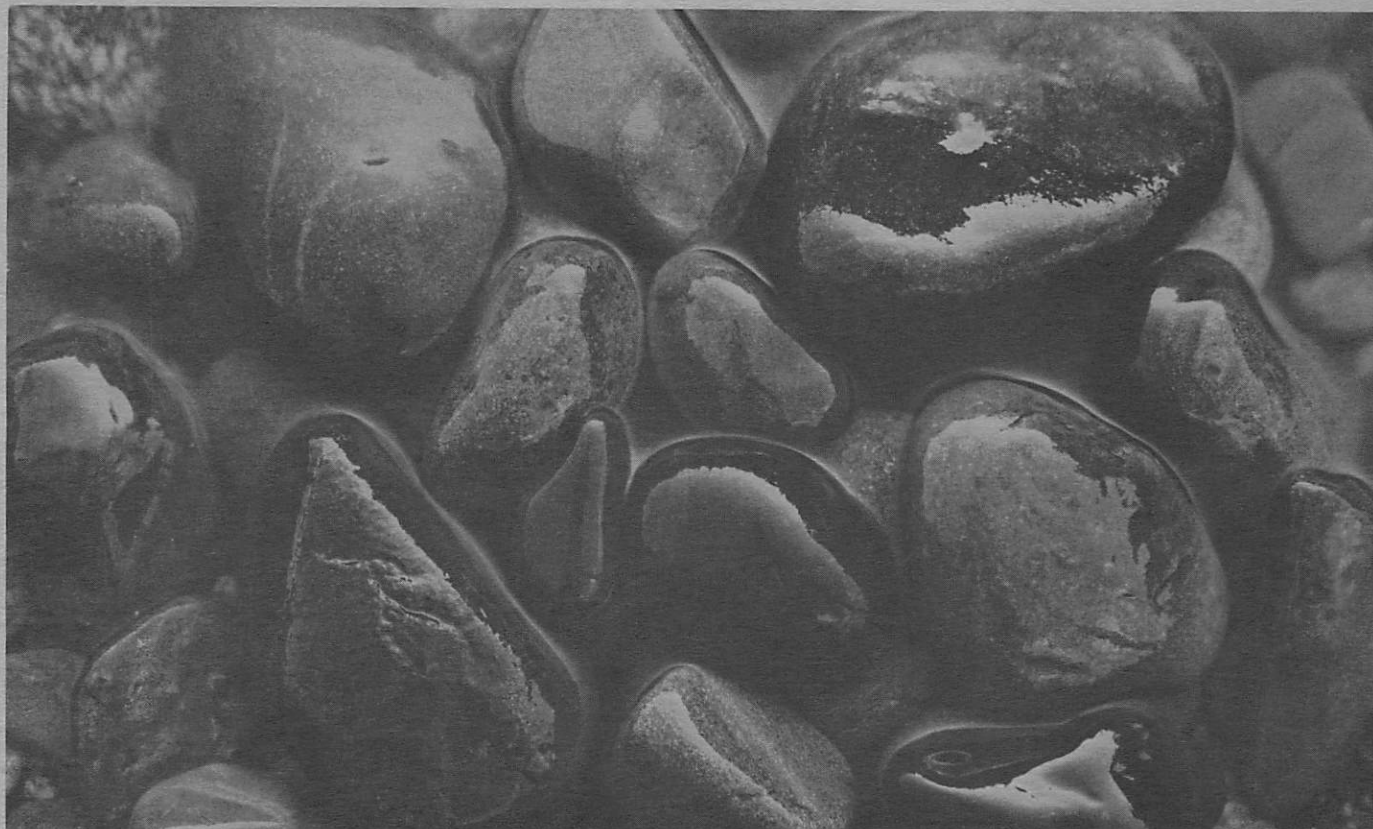
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The following are poems done by fourth, fifth, and sixth graders in a poetry workshop held as part of a volunteer effort on the part of parents at Woodstock Elementary School.

THROUGH THE EYES OF CHILDREN

by Shannon Martin

Many Bryant Pond parents who are interested in maintaining and even improving the quality of their children's education have found a way to relieve the fund-tightening of the great budget-belt squeeze. The answer? Volunteerism.

One of many programs coordinated through Mrs. Eleanor Tracy, principal of Woodstock Elementary School, some students last March participated in a Poetry Workshop. They studied poetry by and for children. They learned to read dramatically. They wrote song lyrics, aided by Den Corrin, a parent with a guitar. Mrs. Polly Croteau, librarian of Whitman Memorial Library, read them ballad poetry from her own elementary school experience.

And the children wrote poetry themselves, with the theme "Write what you know about." Here is what fourth, fifth, and sixth graders knew about in 1981:

Reading

I don't read the words,
I see the pictures,
even if there are not any pictures
there

Robin Hood
dressed in green
a tree
with an arrow
a bright arrow dances by
in a flash the other arrow is split
in two

Can you see it?

Clip Clop Clip Clop
The headless horseman rides again
Clip Clop Clip Clop
a black horse
a man with no head
just a pumpkin

Can you see it?

I can

Mariah Hinkley, grade 5

Day Dreams

Thoughts
and feelings
Running around
Trying to catch them
try— try—
Don't let them get away!
Don't let them hide . . .

Thoughts
and feelings
Play hide and seek
Don't let them!
Keep them safe.

Tanya Corrin, grade 6

The wind is like
my mother shouting
at me,
A sunny day is like
getting 100 on a
test.
Homework is like
my future: exciting.

Darlene Haskell, grade 6

I saw you in the
brightness of my life.
You were too pretty to
be seen.
I kept you
hidden, because I didn't
want you to go.
I think everyone knew.
But then the day came
when you came out into
the open
and bloomed
like a flower
and seeped
out of my arms.
(I will never forget you), my love,
to me you are white.

Jenny Martin, grade 4

My Sister

My sister reminds me of a
Radio
she is always
talking to me
some things are funny
sometimes
it is business
But . . .

I
Never
Listen

Holly Roberts, grade 5

Butterflies

Butterflies fly
so high in the sky
They look like
they are colored with pretty
purple dye
I wonder why
they can fly
When they sit on a
tree
they just flutter
But they better watch
out for the bird
he will open his
beak and not even speak and
swallow me down.

The bird is my past
people are my future.

Delwin Wilson, grade 5

A Tree, the Sun, and the Clouds
A tree can be a fierce monster,
that grabs you every chance it gets,
Full of laughter is the tree
With every leaf and branch
waving
Hello or good-bye with a smile.


The sun can be angry,
and beat down every hot ray it's
got.
But soft and gentle the sun can be
Letting the clouds give a cooling
breeze.

The clouds can be ferocious and mean,
blowing their fierce winds harder
and harder, 'til they knock you over.
They can be friendly, patting you
on the head with a cool, soft breeze.

Gloria Bolio, grade 6

Probably when most people think
of volunteering, they think of work.
Yes, there was work in teaching the
Poetry Workshop, but when I think of
my volunteer teaching effort, I think
of fun.

*Shannon Martin
Bryant Pond*



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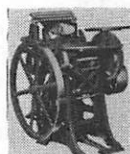
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... page 7 **Mellie Dunham** having it done quite so soon. But when Mellie set out to help someone he could be an expert salesman. In not over three minutes I told him to tell George to come down to camp and we'd talk it over.

"George arrived early the next morning. He gave me an estimate and I said for him to go ahead. He reported that Mellie had walked the mile and a half to his place after the dance to tell him about this job. 'I ain't got no phone, so he couldn't call me,' George said. 'He knew I'd be awake. Wanted to bring me news that'd ease my mind and let me sleep. He said 'twas a fine night for a walk.' He snorted. 'Fine night nothin'! 'Twas drizzlin' rain and dark as the back of a black bass.'"

"Mellie was always doing something for somebody. When Fred Jackson was laid up with a broken arm and leg, Mellie did his spring plowing, harrowing, and planting. When Walter Korhonen and his wife both came down with the flu at the same time, Mellie and Gram kept their three little children at their place until the parents were up and about. None of these things did I hear from Mellie himself. Once when I mentioned a good turn he'd done somebody, he got red in the face and changed the subject."

Things probably would have been the same for the rest of his life, but at the age of 72, for a Golden Wedding Anniversary lark, Mellie went to a fiddling contest at the Lewiston Armory. At Gram's insistence, he had worn a coat, but when he stood up to play—the last of the contestants, all of whom he had heartily applauded—he took it off and said to the piano player, "Sound your A. Let's see if she jibes." The audience

chuckled at the little old man in a plaid wool hunting shirt, but they were with him from the time he called out, "Let 'er rip!" for *Turkey In The Straw* through the foot-stomping ovation. Mellie Dunham was the 1925 champion old-time fiddler in the State of Maine.

The audience was with him, from the time he called "Let 'er rip!" for *Turkey In The Straw* through the foot-stomping ovation. Mellie Dunham was the 1925 champion old-time fiddler for the State of Maine.

Then came the real excitement. Henry Ford, Sr., who hated what he considered the "immoral" and unbearable popular jazz sweeping the country, sent for Mellie and Gram to come to Michigan and play for him. In his single-handed attempt to revive the declining country music, Ford had already brought 38 other fiddlers there, without much satisfaction.

In reply to Ford's letter of invitation, Mellie wrote: "I'll come as soon as I can. I live on a farm and you know we farmers must get ready for winter." To his family, Mellie said, with a chuckle, "I can't imagine why Ford wants me. Perhaps it's because he never heard me play."

But, when the wood was in and the meat laid down for winer, Mellie and Gram got ready for the train trip west. They had a new Sears, Roebuck shirt and a \$12 dress in their suitcase—but they weren't prepared for the crowd that appeared at the Grand Trunk station to see them off. While newsreel cameras rolled, school children and shoe shop workers, let off for the purpose, crowded the streets to hear the Norway Brass Band and the Clara Barton Guild lead a parade of Kiwanians and firemen with "*For He's A Jolly Good Fellow*." Even the Governor was there. The Dunhams were astonished.

Out in Henry Ford's town, the Dunhams were "just folks" and Henry was delighted. Mellie played for waltzes and contras in the dance hall of the Ford Engineering Laboratory in Dearborn. Henry Ford said Mellie couldn't leave until he had taught the waltz *Rippling Waves*—

Mellie's own composition—to Ford's musicians. After a two week stay, when asked how much he was owed for his music, Mellie said, straightforwardly, "When I play away from Crockett Ridge, I usually get three dollars. But it's a long way out here. I shall have to ask five." But Ford had already heard of Mellie's usual fee; he gave him an envelope containing a rare three-dollar gold piece . . . and a thousand dollar bill!

That was still not the end, though. The Keith-Albee Vaudeville Circuit wanted Mellie to go on the road for a 22-week tour . . . for at least \$20,000—more than he'd made in a lifetime of farming. Mellie agreed because, as he said, "Back home are nine motherless grandchildren and when the wife and I get back there we will be able to see them through. If I fill the engagement, I will have money enough for them, and if I fall dead on the threshold of my house the day I get back, I will still feel that this was the one act of my life and the best of all."

Mellie Dunham wowed 'em on the road—from Boston's Keith to New York's Hippodrome, and 19 other cities as well. His bushy white hair and moustache, hunting clothes, twinkling eyes, bouncy manner and down-home fiddling brought rousing applause from capacity crowds wherever he went. Mellie and Gram loved the people. Mellie had no stage fright, and he even won over the stage professionals on the circuit, by "fixin'" things backstage, and by being a great audience to their performances. At one point amid the hectic pace, he quipped: "They seem to be afraid I won't last out the trip. They don't know the stuff the old people of Maine are made of."

After eleven encores one night at the Hippodrome, Mellie finally got away by telling the audience they should see the "knockout" diving girls who were next on the bill. "I dunno why all the fuss and feathers," he commented. "I don't play a mite different than I do at the Heywood Club." And he didn't, either. He drove orchestra leaders crazy because he was always changing the order of the program, or inserting new numbers when he felt like it.

While in New York, he cut four records for R.C.A.-Victor. In Washington, D.C., he and Gram "called on" President Coolidge in the

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White House. Then Mellie took a side trip to the Smithsonian to see the Peary snowshoes. The curator took them out of the glass case and Mellie held them. With tears streaming down his face, he said, "Look, Gram, they ain't sagged a bit in all these years." He told Vic Whitman those snowshoes were the crowning achievement of his life.

On May 24, 1926, almost six months since they left home, Gram and Mellie returned—to another parade, a speech by Donald Partridge, and a "Norway Night" at the Keith Theatre in Portland. After the tumult, though, the neighbors avoided Mellie a while, thinking that now he was too famous for them.

To the first dance at the Heywood Club after his return, Mellie wasn't invited. "I don't suppose he'd want to play here after all the big theatres he's played in," the dance committee said.

"He'd play if he was asked," granddaughter Cherry said. And the Dunhams were hurriedly sought and delivered. As he looked around the little hall, an unchanged Mellie took his old fiddle out and said, "Sound the A, Cherry. See if she jibes." Mellie Dunham was home.

N.M.

Last month's Can You Place It?:

REMEMBERING NORWAY MAIN STREET

The solution to your *Can You Place It?* in the Winter, 1981 issue is a scene of Main Street in Norway, Me. as taken from the post office. It must have been around the early 1900's, sometime before 1909.

Warren Libby
Steep Falls

The photo in *Can You Place It?* is of Main Street, Norway about 1900. It is in an Oct., 1904 issue of *Board of Trade Journal* as one of the prettiest portions of Main St. Norway. The Beal's Hotel is the tall building on the right and I believe it was Dr. Bradbury's house on the left that was torn down when New England Furniture store was built. I was born in Norway in 1921—on Elm St.—and remember the street still looking very much the same.

Mrs. Arthur Roy
Buckfield

(Formerly Nathalie Kimball, daughter of H. Leon and Mary Kimball.)

P.S. Enjoy your magazine and the times and places I knew.

next page . . .

Goings On

OXFORD HILLS AREA YMCA presents "JUNGLE BOOK": a musical production for families; Fri., Feb. 26, 7:30 p.m., Oxford Hills High School. Presented by the Children's Theatre of Maine. Admission \$3.00 adults, \$2.00 children.

MOM, DAD, and the KIDS DISCUSS: a Healthy Living Series sponsored by Stephens Memorial Hospital once a month on Thursday evenings at Oxford Hills Junior High School, South Paris.

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FILMS: *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*, Brazilian, "classic erotic comedy," rated R, Sun. Feb. 28, 2 p.m.; *I Sent A Letter To My Love*, Simone Signoret in an appealing French love story, rated PG, Sun., Mar. 14, 2 p.m.; *Mon Oncle d'Amerique*, Alain Resnais' drama/comedy of manners about the lives of three people, French, rated PG, Sun., Mar. 28, 2 p.m. All films presented at Promenade Mall Cinema, Lewiston, Admission \$2.00.

BRAD TERRY & FRIENDS OF JAZZ: Children's Concert, Tues., Mar. 2, Lewiston Public Library Children's Room, 4 p.m. Free. Jazz Concert, Fri., Mar. 5, United Methodist Church, 439 Park Ave., Auburn, 7:30 p.m. Admission \$2.00 adults, \$1.00 children.

CAROL WINCENC: Flute Concert, Thurs., Mar. 25, United Baptist Church, 250 Main St., Lewiston, 7:30 p.m. Admission \$2.00 adults, \$1.00 children.

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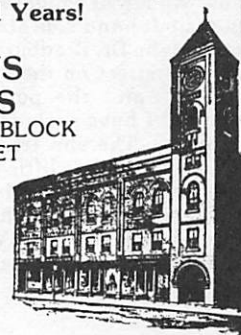
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... 31 Remembering Norway's Main Street

I recognized the picture in the last *BitterSweet* as Main St. in Norway around 1915. The large building on the right is Beal's Tavern and the one on the left is the home of Dr. B. F. Bradbury.

*Mrs. Georgia Chute
South Paris*

...The two white lines in the middle of the street are the tracks of the electric railway car which operated from the head of Main Street, Norway, to South Paris square. The porch which shows on the right hand side is of the Beal's Hotel, which in turn was Seavey's and then Stone's. This side of first tree in the picture on the right is the show window of Knight's auto show room. On the left-hand side of the picture is the porch of the Dr. Bradbury house. In a way from the street on the lawn between the driveway and the porch was a water fountain. I have parts of this fountain in my home. The elm trees were beautiful then. If one looks a little high between the branches of the tree on the right, the small structure on top of the hotel can be seen. The awnings are of the Verenis store and the Blue Store on the right.

*Clifford Dubey
Norway*

The picture in *Can You Place It?*, the special Winter issue is Main Street, Norway, looking north from approx. the Noyes Block (Ashton's Drug Store).

The large building on the right is the old hotel, which at the time it was demolished was owned by the Stone family. The site is now a parking lot next to the L. F. Pike Clothing store. (Incidentally, the clothing store was formerly owned by Frank Noyes, who was my great-grandfather.)

The building in the lower left I believe is the old Bradbury home which occupied the site of New England Furniture. I can remember as a child that there was a pool and fountain on this property which was surrounded by a wrought iron fence. I also can remember the last of the old elm trees. Unfortunately, all of these were destroyed in the late 1950's.

*Jeffrey H. McAllister
Steep Falls*

...Further along on the left are the Opera House block and the *Advertiser-Democrat* office. At what appears to be the head of the street are the former Stephen Cummings residence and the Universalist Church, although they are actually on the right side as Main Street curves slightly left at that point. This picture was probably taken in the early 1900's. It's nice to see a section of the town in which I formerly lived and enjoy visiting now.

*John M. Morrison
Thomaston*

...The track was for the electric car that went from South Paris to Norway.

*Ada Balentine
South Paris*

The scene shown is very dear to me as it shows Main St. of Norway just as it looked when I was a child growing up there. On the left it shows the residence of Dr. Bial F. Bradbury and the two large maple trees—one growing on the lawn at the edge of his driveway. Another such tree on the right hand side of the street was at the end of a picket fence which edged the property of the Howe family. Mr. Howe was an insurance agent who owned a beautiful home there. In the middle of the street are the tracks of the old trolley car which ran between Norway and South Paris.

On the right a little farther up is shown the old Beal's Tavern with its front porch. At that time all travelling salesmen and other guests stayed at this hotel. It was at the corner of Main and Cottage Streets. All other stores lined the street up beyond and beyond the row of trees on the right can be seen the Cummings place. This was a prominent family then. One of the family owned the Cummings Saw Mill built along the outlet of Lake Pennesseewassee. It was sparks from this mill which started the big Norway fire in May, 1895.

I was an infant then, the third child of my parents, Dr. and Mrs. Frank N. Barker. Our home is not shown in the picture, but it was on the left at the corner of Danforth St., just below a few more stores that were there, including Kimball's Drug Store.

This picture must have been taken just before the big Norway fire which leveled all buildings on Main Street's left hand side. The horse and buggy shown in this picture was like the one my father used to drive when making his professional calls.

Maybe I was about 10 years old when he went to Lewiston and bought his first automobile.

Thank you for giving me an opportunity to reminisce!

*Marjorie Barker Henderson
Nashua, New Hampshire*

Doesn't it look like this any more?

Left side: Fletcher's candy shop (Maybaskets and Peanut Butter made there). Next down left, Dr. Bradbury house. Next down left, not shown, Drug Store. Next above Fletcher's: barber shop, Merchant's Store, Newberry's, and another dry goods store, above that a bank.

Right side: hotel. Behind that, Dad's old plumbing shop (then made into a movie house). Across that street, Minnie Libby studio; behind the plumbing shop, the hotel livery stable; below plumbing shop, Mr. Horne's furniture store; behind that a taxidermy shop. Across from that Talbot Munday lived. Above hotel we had a house and a white fence and a parrot—"Polly want a cracker" he called out as we passed by for school. Had a Weary Club, later on corner a bank.

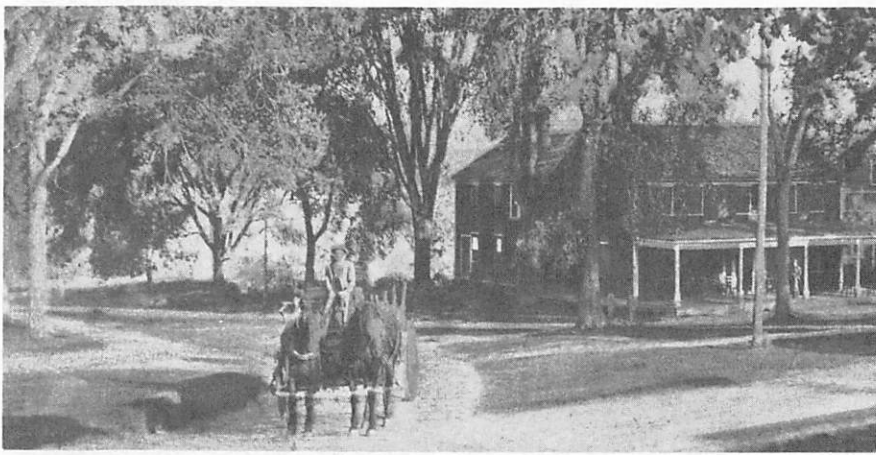
Paul Seavey ran the hotel, or his family. Left side, below hotel, Mr. Noyes had a clothing store—Fourth of July every year he had fireworks at his house—first time for a balloon lighted and high in the sky (1911-12 or so).

*A. L. Lychalk
Elmira, New York*

Also responding correctly to this photograph was Leona Edwards of Casco, Irene Hapgood of South Paris, and William Kuvaja of Norway. The winner of the free subscription is Warren Libby.

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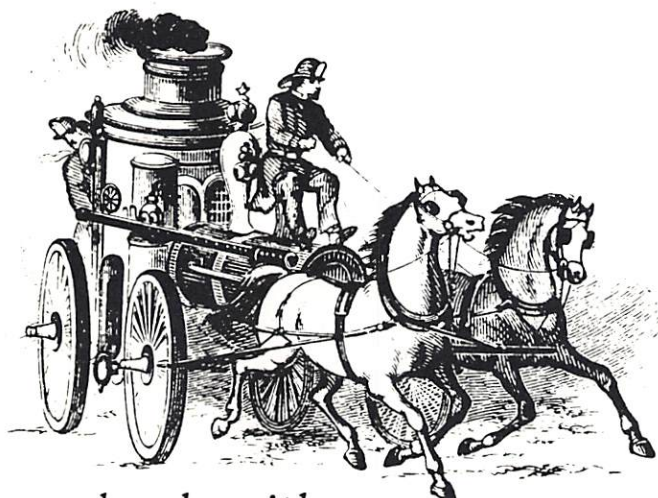
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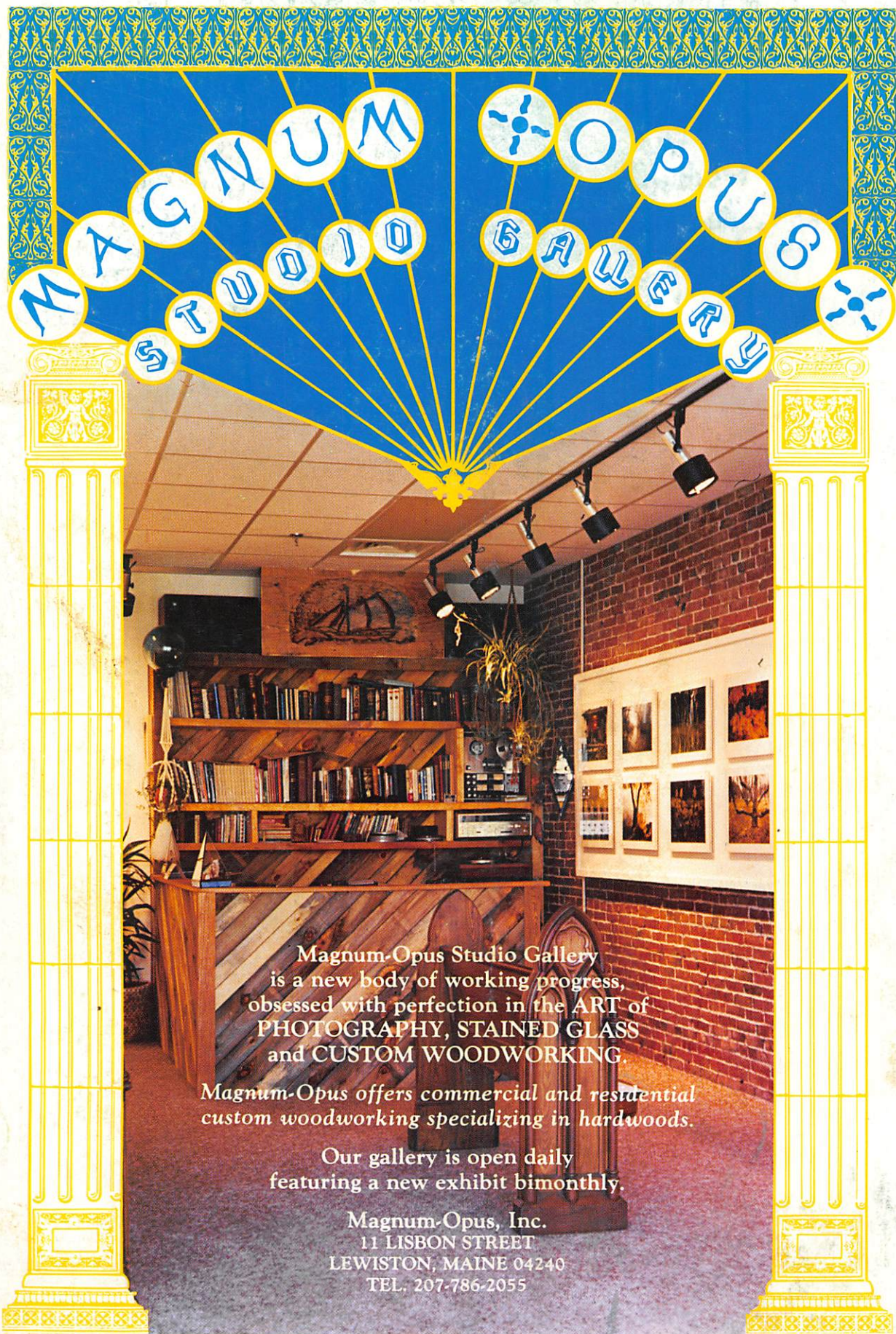
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